The Federal Budget: A Book Review

The Reporter

February 19, 1952 25c

The Charmed Career of Averell Harriman

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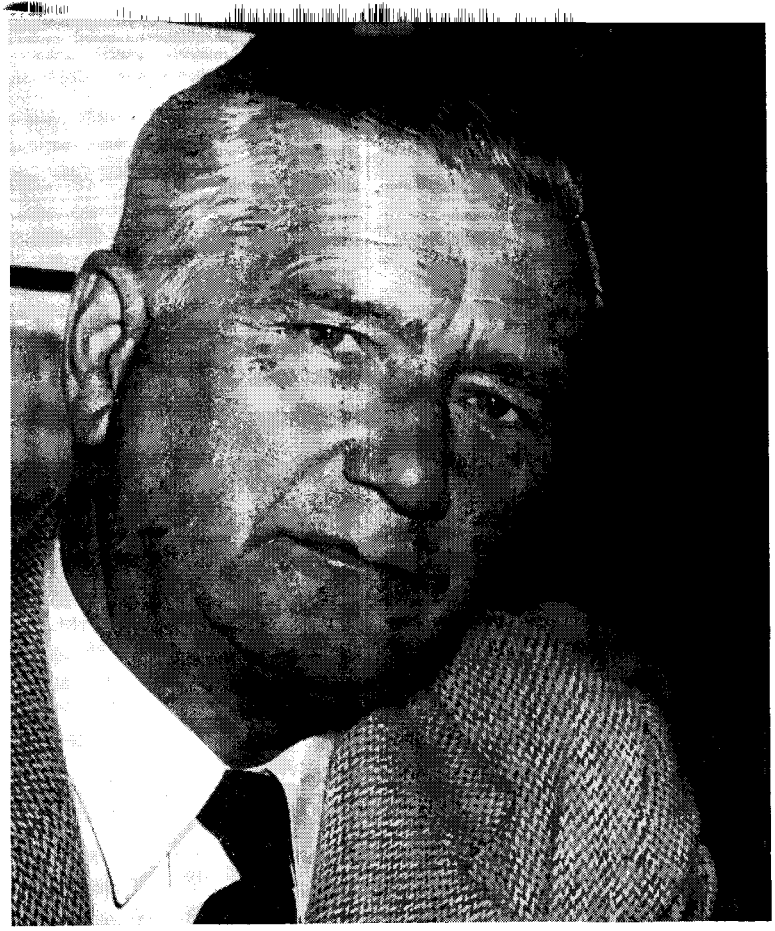

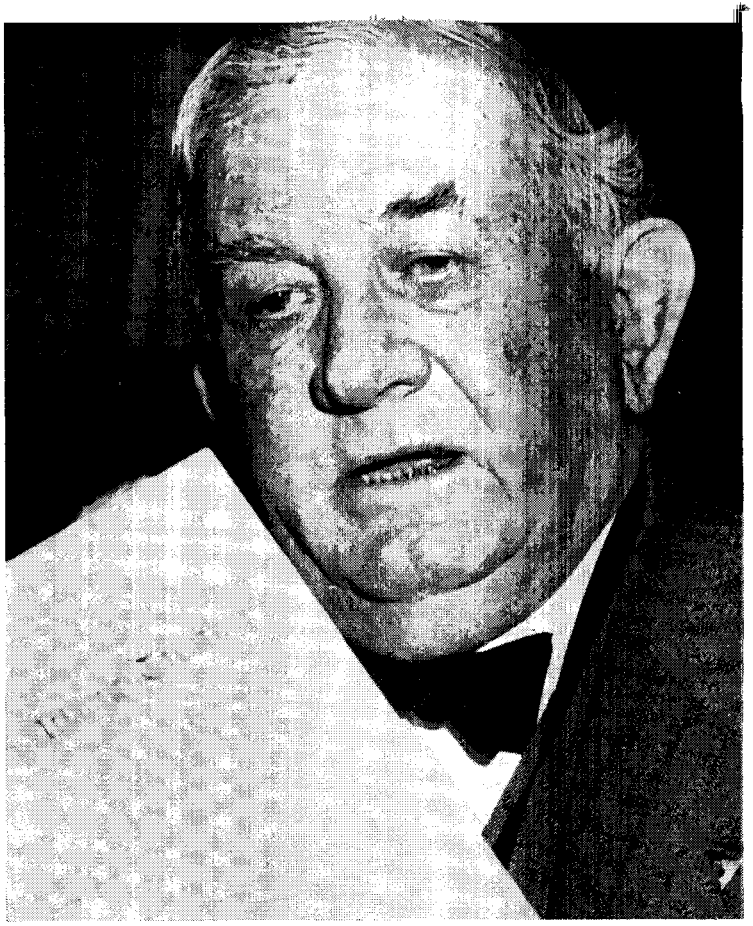

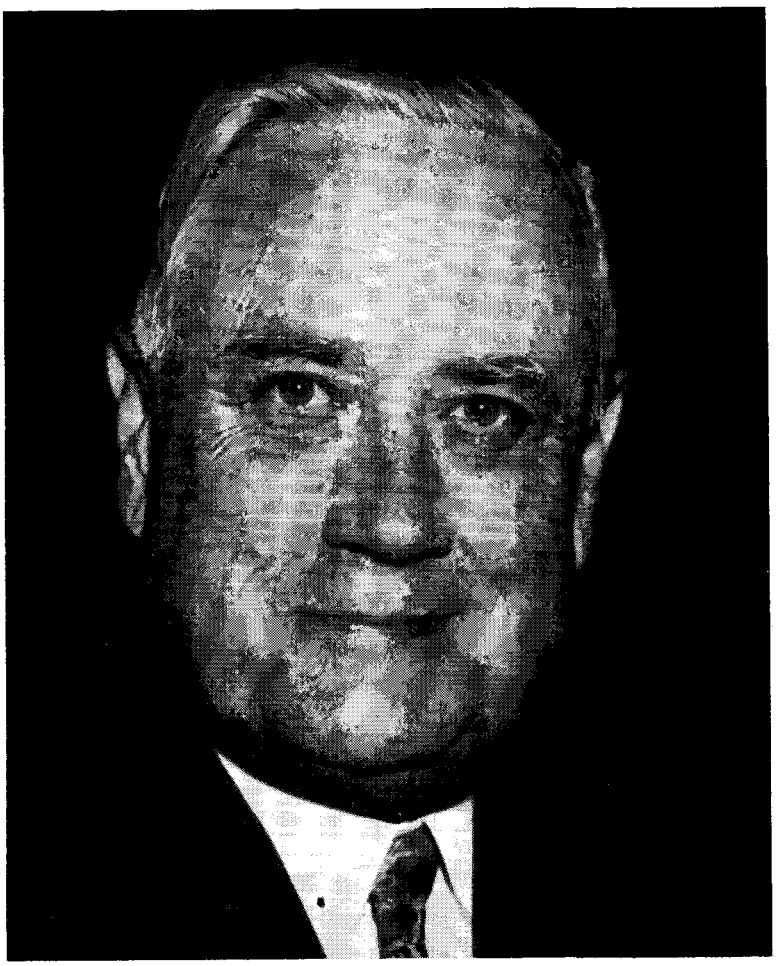

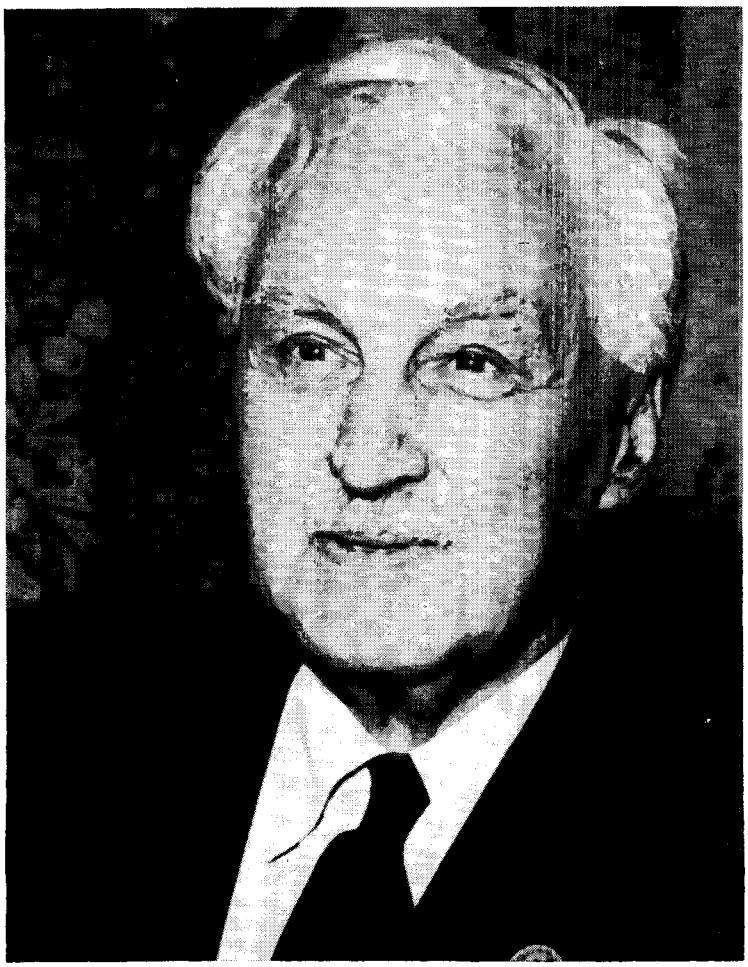

MAJORITY AND MINORITY LEADERS IN FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Representative James P. Richards (D.)
Senator Alexander Wiley (R.)

Senator Tom Connally (D.)
Representative Charles A. Eaton (R.)

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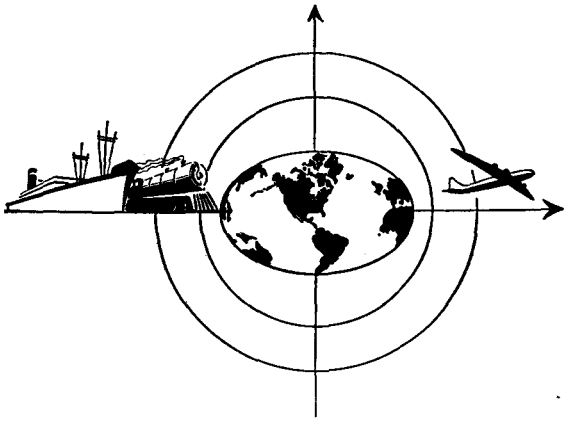

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Mr. Nehru's Chance

Enough of the returns of the Indian elections are in to permit the drawing of a few conclusions, not all of them pleasant. The Congress Party's hold on the nation appears considerably weakened, which in itself would be no calamity, for the disappearance of the one-party system was ardently wished by every good Indian democrat. On the other hand, the Communists have shown more strength than anybody had foreseen.

In three states—Travancore-Cochin, Madras, and Hyderabad—the Communists almost won a majority, and the Congress Party will not be able to rule those three local parliaments unless it recruits the support of several splinter non-Communist parties. This all sounds very familiar: The politicians of those little parties must now be boasting that they hold the balance of power.

The situation is serious, and it will require some hard, serious thinking on the part of Mr. Nehru. As things look now, his party will have a majority in the All-India Parliament, but it may have to enter into a coalition with other groups to function effectively. In India, as in France and Italy, there will be whole zones of the country in which the Government has to live side by side with a potential People's Democracy. Mr. Nehru's plight seems to be rather similar to that of Prime Minister de Gasperi of Italy. Both lead majority parties, but both parties are faction-ridden, and the presence of strong Communist minorities makes their Governments uncomfortable, if not precarious.

Mr. Nehru has been fond of his position of aloofness between East and West, with strong plague-o'-both-your-houses and holier-than-thou overtones. Now he has seen, in his own country, what the Communist danger means. He has been perhaps the last among the statesmen of any stature to entertain the bridge-between-East-and-West theory, which every responsible European leader abandoned long ago. On the gravest international problems he has taken attitudes inspired by high moral principles and high-minded inconsistency—a sort of moralistic opportunism. He has talked at length about seeing Asia with Asian eyes, and leaving Asia to the Asians.

WE SINCERELY hope he will now realize that, in the face of Communism, there are no such things as East and West. Whether he likes it or not, whether he knows it or not, Mr. Nehru is with us. We hope Mr. Nehru knows it, for the West can certainly use his wisdom, just as it needs a healthy and democratic India.

Amnesia

Recently Dr. T. F. Tsiang, the Nationalist Chinese Delegate to the U.N. General Assembly meeting in Paris, arose to denounce the Yalta Agreement of February, 1945, as a "disastrous mistake." He went on to describe China's signing of the Sino-Soviet treaty of friendship—which embodied the Yalta agreements—as "a signature of national shame and humiliation."

We have no desire here to weigh the complex issues that lay behind the Yalta Agreement and the Chinese-Russian treaty, but just to keep the record straight we present some of the facts as they appeared at the time, along with several reactions to them:

Item: In the treaty, the Chinese Nationalists, who seemed eager to court Soviet friendship, made concessions which went beyond the provisions of the Yalta Agreement and were prevented from going even further only by the persuasion of Averell Harriman, who was then U. S. Ambassador to the Soviet Union.

Item: Ambassador Pat Hurley reported that Chiang Kai-shek was "generally satisfied with the treaty," and had "thanked me for the basis that I had helped him lay for rapprochement with the Soviets."

Item: Madame Chiang, then in the United States, called on President Truman to compliment him on the result of the conversations between the Nationalist and the Soviet representatives and thank him for the U.S. help in bringing them about.

Item: Life magazine, which like Dr. Tsiang seems to have changed its mind, hailed the treaty as "as great a victory for common sense as the defeat of Japan was for armed might," and indicated that it was "a vindication of American policy in Asia for almost 50 years." The editors forecast a warm, brotherly collaboration between Chiang and Mao Tse-tung. "Peace, lively but genuine peace," they cried, "is therefore the outlook."

Item: Alfred Kohlberg, another Nationalist supporter and mind changer, had this to say: "These [treaty] agreements are recognition by Russia that China shall be master in her own house. . . . The success of our Administration officials is deserving of every possible praise . . ."

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CORRESPONDENCE

OUR NEGRO SAILORS

To the Editor: John Spore's article "Our Negro Soldiers," in the January 22 issue, presented an interesting survey of a situation that has a parallel in the seagoing forces of the United States. For several years the Navy has quietly been following a limited policy of mixing Negro individuals in with whites aboard ship, when intelligence tests have demonstrated their potentialities for the various ratings. On the ship I left recently after returning from Korea, I saw a practical demonstration of this wise policy.

A destroyer is a small, tight-knit ship, and its crew of some three hundred men is packed into a three-hundred-foot hull. Members of the crew find it almost impossible to escape each other. In the very close quarters faults are magnified, and tempers may flare easily despite the closest attention to morale factors. Yet in a year's duty on this vessel I did not find a single instance of trouble between the eighteen Negro crew members and the rest, many from the Deep South.

There was a rather sharp contrast, however, between those Negroes completely assimilated into the various specialized "gangs" of technicians and specialists, and those who were officers' cooks and stewards' mates. The men who cook and serve for the officers traditionally have been either Negroes or Filipinos, and at one time only this type of billet was open to Negroes. Seven of the eighteen made up this regularly Negro group. By the nature of their work these men tended to be isolated from the rest of the crew, their isolation being reinforced by the fact that they slept in a separate compartment (as do each of the gangs) and ate in the officers' pantry. In general they made liberty together and sat at the nightly movies as a group. With two exceptions they took little pride in their work and exhibited many of the qualities which Negrophobes point out as negroid. Certainly they lacked initiative.

The two exceptions were leading petty officers of the group, who exhibited the confidence and initiative characteristic of the better petty officers. One of them, besides being the finest baker on board, commanded the best 40-mm. gun crew, a cheerful and efficient mixed group. In contrast to this man, one of the steward's mates "strikers" developed an increasing moroseness and indifference culminating in a series of captain's masts and courts-martial and eventually in his jumping ship upon her return to the United States.

The record of those Negro crew members integrated into the various white gangs was splendid. Radarmen, quartermasters, boatswain's mates, hospitalmen, and engineers all worked, slept, and ate with at least one Negro petty officer. In particular, a radarman second class had an outstanding record. His intelligence rating was high, his poise was exceptional, and his diction flawless. He had stood second in his class in radar school, and I gave him the highest proficiency mark for his work on board. Perhaps more important was the respect and close friendship he enjoyed among the fifteen men of his gang. Two of the strikers were from Georgia and one of the petty officers from New Orleans; yet each of these Southerners treated the Negro petty officer precisely as though he had been as white as themselves. The thoroughness of his assimilation in this otherwise all-white group was regularly demonstrated as he went over the gangway in company with his white fellows, all bound on liberty together.

A NAVAL OFFICER

'CATHOLICS AND POLITICS'

To the Editor: Reinhold Niebuhr's January 22 article on "Catholics and Politics: Some Misconceptions" was most meritorious because better understanding of the Catholic position on social and economic problems is essential to further democratic progress in America. Conversely, if a wedge should be driven between Catholics and non-Catholics, only reaction stands to gain. However, Niebuhr's article is incomplete, and in at least one point incorrect. The famous papal encyclicals "De Rerum Novarum" and "Quadragesimo Anno," which are fundamental expressions of modern Catholic thought, are not directly mentioned, and neither are the names and ideas of such decisive Catholic thinkers of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries as Bishop Ketteler in Germany and Baron Vogelsang in Austria. They, and others who could be named, are exponents of a broadly based Christian social movement which, together with the social democratic parties, is about to shape the face of a new Europe.

Where Dr. Niebuhr's account is outrightly incorrect, however, is in his description of the position of the Bavarian Catholics. It is entirely erroneous to think of them as comparable to the frequently still feudalistic colonial Church in some Latin-American countries. The Bavarian Catholics and their political party are fully as democratically anchored as the Catholics of the Rhineland, and they are behind the social program which is outlined in the papal encyclicals. At present, Bavaria has a Catholic-Socialist coalition Government, in contradistinction to the Bonn Government, from which the Socialists are regrettably absent. The reason for the temporary separation of the Bavarian People's Party from the old Center Party is to be found in the former's strong advocacy of Bavarian state rights against the centralistic tendencies which constituted a powerful trend in the Weimar Republic. There is nothing undemocratic in this position, nor is there anything in it which is not in line with the aims of American foreign policy. Rather, the fact that regionalism has gained a new strength in Germany should be considered favorable to the growth of democracy and the stabilization of peace.

WERNER J. CAHNMAN
Forest Hills, New York

To the Editor: I am at a loss to understand what Reinhold Niebuhr was trying to prove when he introduced into his article the story about Garibaldi during his campaign for the political unification of Italy. According to this story, Garibaldi rejected the notion that he "must expect the opposition of every village priest," and, indeed, found by experience that some village priests welcomed him. Dr. Niebuhr does not enlighten us as to just how many village priests risked the displeasure of the Church by championing Garibaldi's unification movement, nor does he allude to the fact that a personage within the Roman Catholic Church of somewhat greater importance than a village priest—Pius IX—opposed Garibaldi in the most diehard fashion. After Garibaldi's movement succeeded, he and subsequent Popes suffered nobly as "prisoners of the Vatican" until Mussolini restored Pius XI to a more satisfactory position by adopting the Lateran Agreement of 1929. If Dr. Niebuhr believes that a few village priests or liberal laymen can mitigate the totalitarianism of the Roman Church, he is, in my opinion, sadly mistaken.

As for the allegedly creative outlook of Catholicism in industrial society, I think that Dr. Niebuhr is again wide of the mark. "Social justice" was an important theme in the program of Mussolini's corporative state and Hitler's National Socialism, as it is also in the labor-supported Perón régime in Argentina, and as it was in the now-dormant native fascist movement led by Father Charles Coughlin in the United States some two decades ago. With all due respect to the late Father John Ryan, the Catholic hierarchy's outlook in the field of industrial reform must be considered as part of a larger picture. When viewed as a whole, the Roman Catholic goal for America, as for the rest of the world, is a society in which workers, along with the other classes, are given a measure of security but are deprived of freedom. In the modern Catholic "ideal" state, "error" (i.e., non-Catholic beliefs) does not have the same rights as "truth" (i.e., Catholic doctrines). Perhaps Dr. Niebuhr can stomach this benevolent despotism, but millions of other Americans—including many Catholic laymen—cannot.

STANLEY LICHTENSTEIN
Washington

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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in this issue . . .

Some of our national leaders—in and out of power, good, bad, and indifferent, responsible and irresponsible—come under examination in this issue. The editorial deals with men who differ as widely as Herbert Hoover and Dwight Eisenhower in their conception of what America can accomplish in the world of 1952. In other articles, an Italian statesman looks at the fourteen Americans who went to Strasbourg, two Texans report on a fellow Texan, and our Washington correspondent surveys the charmed and useful career of Averell Harriman. . . . **Hans Landsberg** is a Washington economist who writes frequently for this magazine. . . . **Ferruccio Parri** was Premier of Italy from June to November, 1945. . . . **Hart Stilwell** is a Southwestern novelist. . . . **Stuart Long** is a radio commentator in Texas. . . . **William Zukerman** edits the *Jewish Newsletter*. . . . **Frederic Morton's** new novel, *Asphalt and Desire*, will be published this month by Harcourt, Brace. . . . **Reinhold Niebuhr** is Dean of the Faculty at the Union Theological Seminary. . . . **George W. Groh** writes from Milwaukee. . . . **Esther M. Douty,** a free-lance magazine writer, lives in Washington. . . . **Archie Robertson** spent a year in Thailand as Information Officer of the U.S. Special Technical and Economic Mission. . . . **J. K. Galbraith** is an economist on the faculty of Harvard University. . . . **Louis Messolonghites,** an associate editor of King Features Syndicate, recently initiated professional criticism of the best-selling book *My Six Convicts* with an article in *The Prison World*. . . . Cover by **John Richard McDermott**. . . . Inside cover photographs from Wide World; inside cover drawings by **Marilyn Miller.**

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The Caves of Gibraltar

It has become a yearly feature of our national life, like Thanksgiving and Mother's Day: In January, Mr. Herbert Hoover shares with his fellow citizens his private views about Gibraltar. We hope that our former President will be able to keep up this habit for many years to come, for there is no better way of sizing up the unprecedented, creative events we are living through than by observing how Mr. Hoover has failed to notice them.

He still talks of our supremacy in air power as if we had it; this belief of his, he says, is borne out by the Korean War, which has failed to prove anything of the kind. It has shown once more that strategic bombing cannot irreparably sever the enemy's means of communication. Mr. Hoover even suggests once again that Britain is our only real ally, presumably because it is an unsinkable aircraft carrier. He must not have heard of Mr. Churchill's recent visit, and of the Britons' qualms about the atom bombs that we may be parking on their island.

Last year, many people, including ourselves, were rather leery about the Great Debate because we thought it could only serve to present the enemy with evidence either of our strategic plans or of our lack of them. But we will be much better prepared now that we know that the Great Debate has become an annual feature, with an opening as formal and predictable as the first day of the baseball season.

Mr. Kennedy starts it off with a speech, which is promptly picked up by Moscow; then Mr. Hoover delivers an oration on Gibraltar. This year, of course, Senator Taft is on a full-time speaking binge. From now on, we can calmly let the Kennedys, the Hoovers, and the Tafts go through their full, predictable routine, and we can answer them by pointing out the things that really matter, that have really happened but that have failed to penetrate their stony, Gibraltar-like kind of thinking.

The Steel Standard

A great historic event took place a few weeks ago when Mr. Winston Churchill addressed a joint session of Congress. Other foreign leaders have mounted that rostrum, and Mr. Churchill himself, in his glorious career, had done it twice before. But this time he spoke, not to Congress as a whole, but to the major factions in Congress.

Actually, his was the masterful speech of a lobbyist, a collection of soothing sentences, each addressed to an influential group. He had a good word for the economy bloc, for those who believe in distinguishing between military and economic aid, for Chiang, for Israel, and for the Arabs. He found room in his speech for tributes to Harry Truman, Arthur Vandenberg, and Dean Acheson. He went so far as to make a rather doubtful crack at his and our European allies. "Our standards of life are our own business," he said, "and we can only keep our self-respect and independence by looking after them ourselves." If Europe's standard of living is exclusively its own business, no one of our western allies can keep its self-respect—let alone independence.

Mr. Churchill said he wanted steel for his country, not gold, as if steel were to be measured in any other terms than gold, or dollars—as if the standard of life of a people could be disassociated entirely from its military strength.

In his long career, Mr. Churchill has held many positions of great responsibility in the government, and in none of them was he less successful than as Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1924 to 1929. He was accused of nearly wrecking the British economy by his stubborn insistence on the gold standard, and received some well-earned barbs from John Maynard Keynes. Now he seems to be advocating the steel standard as a new measure of exchange—presumably only for the relationship between the United States and Britain.

That a man like Mr. Churchill had to go so far in appealing to the various factions of Congress is sad evidence of what is wrong, not with him but with us. He acted, as he has throughout his life, only and exclusively in the interest of his country. But the present state of our political affairs is such that the leaders of foreign nations, and for that matter our own people, can never know where and with whom the power of ultimate decisions rests, whether

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it is with the civilians or the military, with the Executive or with our mercurial Congress.

From his Gibraltar, Mr. Hoover seems to think that the only problem of our foreign policy is doling out weapons—as few as we can—that our allies are supposed to use at their own risk and on our terms. Unfortunately, the problems of our foreign policy are infinitely more complex. They demand the skill of establishing an entirely new set of relationships between our country and our allies, as well as among our allies themselves. These relationships spring from a community of interest and purpose. They are not yet adequately formalized in any institution or written down in any charter. But they exist and grow. The test of our leaders, in the executive and the legislative branches, is their capacity to recognize, to respect, and to foster this growth.

This automatically exempts those of our leaders who are settled in Gibraltar, for nothing much ever grows on that rock.

The States' Righters

One of these growing things, still at the inchoate stage but coming along fast, is called United Europe. Mr. Churchill was in a difficult spot in trying to tell Congress why his interest in united Europe has recently become so platonic. Actually, with that audience, he could have made his case most easily, for essentially he is a States' Righter. He is in favor of confederations that are in no danger of becoming federations—confederations like those we had before the Constitution. If he can help it, he is not going to let Britain's sovereignty wither away.

He is not the only European statesman who feels that way. The Benelux nations have adopted pretty much the same position: They are the States' Righters of a union not yet born. Their case is rather strong, for these three small nations are, economically and politically, much healthier than the three bigger ones, France, West Germany, and Italy. Indeed, the leaders of the three large nations are pushing ahead as fast as they can on the road to unity mostly because they see no other salvation for their own countries. There is no serious Communist danger in the Benelux nations, while Communism stares at West Germany from its eastern boundary and at France and Italy from the inside.

In spite of all the internal pressures and counterpressures, in spite of the conflicts between the three large and the three small nations, the unity of continental western Europe is a growing thing, and the astonishing progress of this growth can be measured with the passage of each week. Already, in the discussions about the European army, the six nations have established a system of voting which no longer leaves the whole organization at the mercy of the veto power held by the smaller partners.

The movement toward European unity, particularly in the three larger nations, proceeds in the teeth of all vested interests, against the hostility of the nondemocratic and the coolness, to say the least, of the democratic parties. It proceeds because of a powerful community of purposes that unites the highest leaders—Schuman, de Gasperi, Adenauer—with the large masses of their fellow citizens who still believe in democracy. There is no use looking at the constitution of the western European countries to find the precise formula, the law that foresees and defines this bond between the leaders and their people. For there is no such law. But there is a will to self-preservation in the European democracies which is sweeping both leaders and people.

Strangely enough, the greatest obstacle comes from traditional democratic institutions. The passage through parliaments of measures like the Schuman Plan and the European army is still a major hurdle. But, through parliaments or by-passing parliaments and parties, through the sheer pressure of leadership and of opinion, the unity of Europe moves on.

This should not be a surprise to our nation, for the men who met in Philadelphia to draft the Constitution had no official mandate from their people to do what they did. But it should be a warning to Congress. Sometimes the will to survive of a democracy can be much stronger than its professional parliamentary guardians are inclined to believe. Sometimes, when new institutions come into existence, a man or a group of men can have a power which is not defined by any existing law, national or international. This is distinctly the case with General Eisenhower, the nonpartisan, unelected leader of western Europe—unquestionably the man with the greatest authority on the continent. Should he become President of the United States he would be the unofficial leader of the Atlantic community.

What is happening in our day is the tumultuous but fast building of an order that as yet has no blueprints. It is already visible in Europe, and if it succeeds in establishing itself there, it will prove to be contagious in other sections of the non-Communist world, where nations are still wrestling with the difficulties of their newly won independence.

The only established center of propulsion and of co-ordination in the world should be the Executive and the Congress of the United States—provided, of course, that there is enough unity of purpose in our country so that when glorious visitors come to us they can talk to the nation and not to its factions.

And provided, of course, that we do not become cave dwellers in the Rock of Gibraltar and await there what destiny and the Russians may have in store for us.

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Averell Harriman: Portrait of a Public Servant

DOUGLASS CATER

LAST FALL, the day after a rebellious Senate subcommittee had rejected Philip Jessup's appointment as a U.N. delegate, and ten days after the Senate had wrangled heatedly before approving Chester Bowles as ambassador to India, the Senators quietly and quickly confirmed W. Averell Harriman as Mutual Security Director. Yet Harriman's was by all odds the most controversial job: He would take charge of a foreign-aid program that had every prospect of costing more billions than the Marshall Plan.

A week earlier, when Harriman's appointment was sent to Capitol Hill, there had been faint rumblings of protest. Three or four Congressmen complained that the President should have made a less partisan choice. The unpredictable Senator William Langer of North Dakota requested that consideration be postponed. The next day, he withdrew his request. Clearly, word had gone out not to raise a fuss.

Administration Man

To those who try to chart the shoals of Washington politics, this incident had great interest. Why should Jessup run aground, Bowles barely escape disaster, and Harriman glide smoothly through? The answer cannot be found in a superficial examination of the record. Jessup, who attained a prominent post only in 1948, was rejected because he represented "discredited Administration policies." Harriman, on the other hand, has been identified with the New and Fair Deals since the beginning. He was for a short time administrative officer of the NRA; later he was an adviser to Harry Hopkins in the Commerce Department. During the Second World War, he attended all but one of the historic meetings at which the Administration, according to its critics, bartered away the peace. He set up Lend-Lease missions in London and Moscow, and served as Ambassador to Russia during the height of Soviet-American wartime cordiality.

In the last eleven years, Harriman has received eight Presidential appointments, five requiring Senate confirmation. Yet never since he first came to Washington in 1933—a banker-businessman from New York whose father had once been labeled "a malefactor of great wealth" by Theodore Roosevelt—has Harriman gone out of his way to duck a showdown. As Secretary of Commerce in 1947, he vigorously resisted Congressional witch hunters who were seeking to make a culprit of Dr. Edward U. Condon. In 1948, when his appointment as roving Marshall Plan Ambassador was being considered, he unnerved Senate Foreign Relations Committee members with the assertion that the Socialist Parties and free labor unions of Europe were two great pillars of strength against Communist subversion. He has on several occasions publicly denounced McCarthyism.

In the fall of 1950, at an AFL convention in Houston, Texas, he delivered a bare-knuckled attack on Senator Robert Taft's foreign policy. ("When you look at his record, you cannot escape the conclusion that if the Congress had adopted his positions, Communist objectives would thereby have been furthered. . . . The most charitable thing one can say about Taft is that he does not know what he does.")

On another occasion he decried "the hysteria which resulted in Congress' rushing through the hodge-podge, so-called 'Anti-Communist' Bill. . . ." Last summer, Harriman issued a lengthy statement explaining and defending the Administration's position at the Yalta Conference, which he alone among present Administration leaders attended. He indicated willingness to appear before the Russell Committee investigating General MacArthur's dismissal to dispute the assertions of General Wedemeyer and Pat Hurley, but he wasn't called. On a radio forum last spring, when Senator Styles Bridges assured him: "I am not attacking you; I am attacking the policies of the Administration," Harriman responded: "I am part of the Administration and I am proud of it."

Early Warnings

An associate once asked Harriman why he had not been singled out by Congressmen for special punishment. Harriman replied: "Because they heard about my reports from Moscow and because I talked to them when I came back." This may not be the whole truth, but it certainly seems to be part of it.

Shortly before the President announced Harriman's appointment as Mutual Security chief, *The Forrestal Diaries* were published. These terse and candid notes by the former Secretary of Defense, who since his death has come to be venerated even by Senator McCarthy, revealed two things clearly: the sharp effect Harriman's estimates of Soviet intentions had upon Forrestal, and the startling correctness of Harriman's predictions.

The *Diaries* contain a dozen or so detailed entries on Harriman's views, such as:

April 20, 1945 (two months after the Yalta Conference): "I saw Averell Harriman, the Ambassador to Russia, last night. He stated his strong apprehensions as to the future of our relations with Russia unless our entire attitude toward them became characterized by much greater firmness. He

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said that, using the fear of Germany as a stalking-horse, they would continue on their program of setting up states around their borders which would follow the same ideology as the Russians. He said the outward thrust of Communism was not dead and that we might well have to face an ideological warfare just as vigorous as Fascism or Nazism."

May 11, 1945: "He [Harriman] said he thought it was important that we determine our policy as to a strong or weak China, that if China continued weak Russian influence would move in quickly and toward ultimate domination."

When Harriman's MSA appointment came up, such excerpts from the *Diaries* were in the hands of key members of Congress to provide ammunition against the few criticisms that were expressed. They will also help the Administration fight campaign charges of softness toward Communism.

Harriman stubbornly denies such charges. "No President," he has stated publicly, "has in peacetime initiated so many unprecedented and farsighted measures and actions for our national security as has President Truman." Privately, he argues that Truman's job was made infinitely more difficult because Roosevelt died without having publicly expressed disillusionment over Soviet intentions.

Up from Groton

There was little in the early life of Averell Harriman to suggest his subsequent career. His father, E. H. Harriman, the son of a poor Episcopal clergyman, left school at fourteen to take a five-dollar-a-week clerkship on Wall Street; when he died, at sixty-one, he commanded 23,000 miles of railway and a fortune estimated at $70 million.

Young Averell grew up on a 20,000-acre estate called Arden, on the western bluffs of the Hudson. He attended Groton and Yale. After graduation—he was still in school when his father died—he climbed from section hand to vice-president of the Union Pacific Railroad in two years. At twenty-nine, he was a director of three railroads, president of the W. A. Harriman & Company banking house, and founder of the American Ship and Commerce Corporation.

Harriman worked hard at business. He became chairman of the board of the Union Pacific in 1932, modernized the line, and made it pay when other railroads were going broke. He developed the ski resort Sun Valley out of some old railroad land. But compared to those of his father, his feats as a tycoon were minor.

People who knew them both sometimes explain Averell's interest in government by the fact that E. H. Harriman had imbued his son with the dictum "Great wealth is an obligation and a responsibility." Perhaps a more cogent explanation was offered by E. H.'s official biographer, George Kennan, great-uncle of the diplomat. According to Kennan, Harriman senior never sought money for money's sake; he relished "the power of creation." At the time of his death, in 1909, he was seeking to gain control of the Manchurian and Trans-Siberian railroads and tie them in with his Pacific steamship lines.

Contemporaries of the younger Harriman have noted this same absorption with "the power of creation." The younger George F. Kennan, who served under Ambassador Harriman in Moscow, once remarked, "Averell gravitates to power." It may be that the difference between the accomplishments of Harriman senior and junior lies in the fact that the seat of power has shifted from Wall Street to Washington. Certainly, Averell Harriman does not think he has betrayed his father's memory. "I always wanted to be a part of my own generation," he explains simply.

Harris & Ewing

W. Averell Harriman

Harriman brought with him to Washington a number of the qualities that made his father famous. The older Harriman had what his biographer called a "seeing eye," which enabled him to make lightning judgments without exhaustive, methodical research. He could judge both men and situations with remarkable skill. Averell has that same eye. "It's the damnedest thing," one associate remarked, "how Harriman knows facts that no one could possibly have told him. He absorbs them from the atmosphere."

"Harriman has an abrasive mind," another observer commented. "It works best by brushing against others." He loathes detailed explanations, gives instructions in clipped, almost unintelligible sentences, cuts off lengthy answers with a gesture of irritation. He habitually reads or talks to someone else while an assistant is reporting to him. If the subordinate stops in confusion, Harriman motions him to continue. He has an uncanny power for grasping the essentials of a report.

Systematic Confusion

His approach to problems leads to a haphazard manner of conducting business. Harriman, most professional administrators say, leaves much to be desired as an administrator. He likes to assemble a small group in an impromptu seminar that hectically chases a vexing problem all over Washington by telephone, pins it down, and settles it. This is an unbeatable method of bureaucratic trouble shooting. But there are never clear spheres of jurisdiction among Harriman's staff or clear systems of co-ordination and reporting. Assistants are continually colliding.

This method, or lack of it, may cause special trouble now that Harriman is administering the grotesquely complex Mutual Security apparatus. The State and Defense Departments and Harriman's own Mutual Security Agency are each responsible for parts of the program. To make matters more tangled, Harriman is charged with enforcing the potentially explosive Battle Act, which seeks to cut off strategic trade between the Soviet bloc and the countries that receive our aid.

When Harriman was thirty, his friends worried that he would work

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himself into an early grave. Now he is sixty, and they are still worrying. He works evenings and weekends. Associates who have traveled with him report that he often discusses business until well after midnight, then takes a stack of papers off to bed. "Harriman stays up late the way Roosevelt did," one commented. "He gets up early like Truman." He doesn't suffer permanent ill effects, although there are times when he is ashen gray with weariness. His utter disregard for his own well-being inspires an *esprit* among his staff that the most proficient administrators often cannot create.

Unlike his father, Averell Harriman has had to learn to keep his impatience in check. Instead of with rivals, he must deal with Congressmen. Across the table from them during the long committee sessions, and amid the cigar smoke after the breakfast, lunch, and dinner parties he holds for them, Harriman must spell out foreign-policy problems over and over, never betraying impatience or boredom.

Perhaps his worst ordeal occurred during his trip to Iran last summer. An assistant remarked to Harriman one day: "If men get their just rewards here on earth, this is yours." "What do you mean?" asked Harriman. "I mean that you—the most impatient man that ever lived—are having to waste away your life teaching the A.B.C.'s to this old man Mossadegh."

Uneasy but Effective

In his public appearances, Harriman presents a curious blend of uneasiness and effectiveness. Physically, the tall, slender, slightly stooping man with his gray-touched hair and thin, aristocratic face looks very much the statesman. But before a Congressional committee or at a banquet table with a written speech, he is not a glib performer. He stumbles along, never quite accommodating himself to his text yet never quite putting it aside. His assistants say that he cannot read properly; his eye jerks forward, sometimes passing over words and whole phrases. To everyone's embarrassment he has on occasion left out the word "not" in reading a sentence. His jokes seldom come off quite right. He is a fidgety speaker; before he is under way, he has dusted off the lectern, rearranged the water glass, taken off his wrist watch, and fiddled with the clasp.

Harris & Ewing

Dwight D. Eisenhower

Despite all this, Harriman usually puts himself over. Listeners sense his deep sincerity. They sympathize with his earnest effort to say what he has to say. When he finally puts aside the confining manuscript, he manages at times to achieve a kind of eloquence which, if not smooth, is never stuffy.

At informal gatherings, Harriman loses much of his reserve. He likes to entertain, and he uses house and board to strengthen the always delicate ties with Congress. His stag parties often include strongly anti-Administration Republicans; Harriman draws the line only at those he considers outright demagogues. When he warms up to a discussion, he reveals a youthfulness and vigor surprising in a man of sixty. Surrounded by the Renoirs, Picassos, and Gauguins of Harriman's private collection, and served excellent food by his French butler, his guests cannot help but be impressed. They are impressed, too, with the quiet modesty of their patrician host.

Confidence, Courage

Perhaps the thing that most intrigues those who watch Averell Harriman is his air of aloneness. He is seldom by himself; yet he appears lonely in the midst of a crowd, whether the gaudy-shirted White House staff at Key West (one photo shows him in a white linen jacket) or a group of Congressmen.

It is possible to dramatize this quality of aloneness, to imagine it as a special quality of a man who has lived in the camp of the enemy and taken the measure of the mighty Stalin. In his speeches, Harriman sometimes makes reference to personal incidents in his encounters with Stalin that have illuminated for him the nature of our peril. Yet if he has ever felt the same anxiety that James Forrestal had, he has kept it to himself. Recently he remarked: "I have greater confidence in the future today than at any time in the five years and a half since I left Moscow." Another time he said: "It is inconceivable to me for anybody to question whether in the North Atlantic community . . . we cannot create a military strength which will let us live with a sense of security."

In a way, Harriman's confidence is that of a businessman. He cites statistics on the free world's production and stakes his faith on an expanding economy that can shoulder the armament burden and still preserve a high standard of living. He is strongly committed to the Point Four program for underdeveloped countries as "enlightened self-interest," not as a scheme to provide milk for the Hottentots. Like his father, Averell Harriman despises the timid investor who asks: Can we afford it? Will the French fight?

Undoubtedly, Harriman has personal courage. On a number of occasions he has been in physical danger. In 1948, he and General Marshall, then Secretary of State, were at a conference in Bogotà, Colombia, when a violent Leftist uprising occurred. For several days they were isolated in a house on the outskirts of the city. Marshall accepted the situation stoically, occupied himself with deployment of the twelve soldiers assigned to protect them. "This is my first opportunity to command troops," he commented.

Harriman hung by the radio and listened to the bloodcurdling threats of the insurgents, who had seized the local station. He slept little. Yet on the following Sunday, he drove through the barricaded streets to a scheduled luncheon at the President's palace. He was the only guest to appear.

Headaches of a Bureaucrat

Harriman's recent shift from his job as Special Assistant to the President was not uniformly approved by Administra-

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tion officials. It was, in one sense, a logical development. The foreign-aid program functioned badly; so long as its operations were to be parceled out among three agencies, a man of Harriman's stature was needed to pull it together. But this meant a great loss in flexibility. Harriman's immediate staff has increased from eight professionals to nearly thirty. His assistants now have their own flocks of assistants.

When Harriman was brought back from Paris in July, 1950, to assist the President in co-ordinating the fifty or more government agencies dealing with foreign affairs, there was speculation that he might assume a role something like that of Harry Hopkins under President Roosevelt. According to Robert Sherwood, Harry Hopkins was the self-described "chief office boy of them all," who during the Second World War almost became Roosevelt's alter ego. He could—and did—direct Roosevelt's thinking toward certain matters, away from others. He was the President's eyes and ears abroad. Hopkins lived in a small bedroom of the White House. He had no title, no staff.

Not for Harriman

President Truman's assistants are quick to point out reasons why Harriman could never have become another Hopkins. First and foremost, the intimate personal relationship does not exist. "It would be preposterous to imagine Harriman walking into Truman's bedroom in his pajamas to discuss something," said one staff member. It would.

There are a number of other reasons. President Truman's way of operating is quite different from Roosevelt's. Roosevelt held the reins of authority tightly and delighted in a certain amount of confusion among his subordinates; Truman delegates the proper responsibility to the proper department head. If spheres of authority overlap Truman calls for committee work. When a problem is defined and served neatly up to him, he makes the decision. It is a method of operation that works with precision on occasions such as the Korean weekend.

Any Administration, however, can use a good trouble shooter. In Truman's setup, more danger arises from stalemates than from slipshodness in reaching decisions on policy. By all accounts, the National Security Council, which is charged with dealing with high policy, urgently needs someone with enough authority to force decisions on tough issues. As Special Assistant, Averell Harriman never had quite that much authority.

During his sixteen months as Special Assistant, Harriman at least served effectively as the President's trouble shooter abroad. He was the logical man to fly out to confer with General MacArthur in August, 1950, when friction was just beginning. No one else of comparable prestige could have freed himself from desk duties to spend three and a half weeks with Premier Mossadegh.

An overlooked but highly important incident took place during Harriman's brief visit with Marshal Tito on the way back from Iran. The stopover was on his own initiative; no official U.S. policy had been framed to cover possible Soviet attack on Yugoslavia. At the press conference afterward, Harriman told newsmen that Tito and he had agreed that a principal danger of war would come from possible miscalculation by the Kremlin of the reaction of the western powers, particularly the United States, to local aggression. Tito, he said, believed that a war against Yugoslavia could not be localized. Harriman added, "I did not dispute Marshal Tito's position." There was no formal commitment by the U.S.., but Harriman believes his remark was not lost on the Kremlin.

Harris & Ewing

Harry L. Hopkins

Politically . . .

Politically, Harriman's prospects seem fairly remote. There have been occasional rumors that he may be advanced as an opponent to Senator Irving Ives of New York in this year's election; a few that he might make a strong Democratic Vice-Presidential candidate since he has always maintained excellent relations with labor. Harriman's friends report that he enjoys hearing about such speculation; but they insist that he has not given the faintest sign that he will seek political office. Recently, he passed word down to his staff that his new job demands strict nonpartisanship. Even so, the assignment puts him more directly than ever before in the line of Congressional fire. He may find he has become a controversial figure.

The unique career which Harriman has made for himself in the top rungs of government cannot be compared to that of a nonpartisan British career civil servant, for Harriman has not hesitated to engage in partisan action. Unlike James Forrestal, who remained above party politics, he has accepted involvement as part of the game. Yet his primary dedication has been to the job that he felt needed doing. Harriman has stood close to the fountainhead of political power, but has not sought to claim it in his own name.

The Future?

On Harriman's living-room table, along with a bust of Roosevelt and an autographed picture of Truman, stands a Jo Davidson bust of Dwight Eisenhower. Harriman's close friendship with the general goes back to 1942, when they both were stationed in London.

Roosevelt is reported to have said to Harriman at one of the Big Three conferences: "I want you around in order to keep the continuity." Harriman has indeed represented continuity between business and public affairs, between a number of branches of the sprawling government, continuity between two highly different Democratic Administrations. It is conceivable that his brand of national service could survive still another change of face in the White House.

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The Coming Battle For Foreign Aid

HANS LANDSBERG

ONLY ABOUT four months have passed since the doors of the Capitol closed behind the last Administration witness testifying in behalf of the 1951-1952 foreign-aid program, but today the big question around W. Averell Harriman's Mutual Security Agency and its subsidiary bureaus is, once again, "What are we going to tell Congress?" The target date for the President's message on 1952-1953 foreign aid is March 1.

The defenders of this year's $8-billion aid proposals will at least not have the problem of debating extensive changes in the administrative setup. But this will not reduce the expected Congressional barrage by much. The inquiring Congressmen, and not only those who have been junketing in Europe recently, will not be fazed by queries as to what *they* would do in the face of Communist aggression.

The first hazard along the road that leads from the President's message to the final vote lies in naming the aid that is being requested. Should the Administration ask for economic aid, military aid, or some of each?

If the Administration should mention economic aid, it would run the immediate danger of being sidetracked on the question: "What did you do with that other twelve billion we gave you for the Marshall Plan?" If military aid is stressed, various legislators will seize the opportunity to turn the billions involved right over to the Pentagon's procurement officers, completely ignoring all economic complexities.

Certain Washingtonians have fallen into the habit of determining whether aid is economic or military by the answer to the question "Does it shoot?"

Actually, if, for instance, we allocate dollars for sending raw cotton to British mills, we augment Britain's total dollar resources and enable it to apply the dollars saved to the purchase of materials for making shells. If we send Britain shells, it can afford to buy more cotton. To attempt to control legislatively the exact commodities supplied, or even to imply that one commodity is different from another in purpose, is to ignore the basis of aid.

The 'One-Package Deal'

Thus there seems only one practical way to present the program: as what Washington calls "a one-package deal." The package must be identified from the start as a *security* program, in which military and economic aid denote different commodities, not different goals.

This doesn't mean that the Administration will want to conceal all of the economic problems beneath the wrappings of its package. Harriman and his lieutenants must still be prepared to show that the limiting factor in European rearmament, as in our own, is economic. They must also be prepared to show why this condition is in no way a reflection on the success of the Marshall Plan.

Sir Edwin Plowden

In 1948 we set out to help western Europe rebuild its farms, its factories, and its trade, so that its people would continue to prefer living in a free economy. By the summer of 1950 that goal seemed well in sight. By early 1951 it seemed even closer, in the wake of our frantic world-wide shopping spree that was rapidly filling Europe's foreign-exchange till.

But then the full effects of our spree began to be felt in scarcities and rising costs of raw materials. The costs of Europe's imports rose much faster than the prices it got for its exports, and presently European trade balances were going down while the cost of living went up. To make matters worse, the competitive position of U.S. goods in world markets improved because their prices had gone up less than those of European goods. Finally, the United States, having stockpiled raw materials furiously for a while, slowed down on its buying, thus further reducing the flow of dollars to Europe. Because of our relatively sound position and Europe's perilous one, we must provide those resources necessary for our mutual security which Europe cannot provide without serious deprivation.

If Europe were able to produce the weapons, clothe the soldiers, and build the barracks and airfields out of the resources available at home or procurable through income earned abroad, and if it could do this without lowering living standards below the political danger line, the whole question of foreign aid would be a minor one.

Obviously, Europe cannot do these things. So when aid is requested this

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year it will be defined as the sum of dollars—or of economic resources and equipment—that we must make available if by 1955 Europe is to achieve the level of defense deemed sufficient for its security and our own.

Whether the tokens of aid are tanks and planes or wheat and cotton, the problem must be decided in each instance on the merits of production and procurement facilities, not on false distinctions between military and economic aid. If the Administration can stand its ground that the distinction between the two is meaningless and fraught with danger, it will have won a decisive victory.

By next year perhaps the term "aid" will have been retired in favor of a new one, more colorful than "contribution" and less awkward than the official "burden sharing," but above all a term that avoids the implication of charity.

After Definitions, Blueprints

Once this all-important definition is out of the way, Harriman's forces will face a number of other pointed Congressional questions. Legislators will probably demand proof, for instance, that the members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization are now truly forged into a unit. If they are not, it will be argued, our aid will merely go to plug gaps in the economies of individual nations.

Here the Administration will be able to cite the progress of the Schuman

Jean Monnet

Plan and of the European army project, but undoubtedly it will have some trouble explaining British aloofness toward both schemes. The final proof of NATO's unity of purpose must come from its February meeting at Lisbon, where it is hoped that the master blueprint drawn up by the "Three Wise Men" of NATO's Temporary Council Committee—Harriman, Jean Monnet of France, and Sir Edwin Plowden of Britain—will be endorsed by the member states.

Such a blueprint, now only known as the "TCC Plan," would fill a major gap for the Administration, which could strengthen its case immensely by showing Congress an over-all plan for western defense, complete with goals, cost estimates, and timetables. The Wise Men's creation, according to advance reports, fulfills the first two requirements and handles the third in a manner that makes more sense than the rigid termination dates of the Marshall Plan, by leaving the door open to future development. Such a blueprint would also provide a partial answer to critics such as Henry Hazlitt of *Newsweek,* who have been pointing accusingly at Europe's own lagging defense effort, measured in terms of national incomes and budgets, and who conveniently forget that the problem is not so much one of finances as of resources, and that a budget has meaning only in terms of the currency of the nation concerned.

Congress may also want to ask the MSA representatives the reason for the long delay in the allocation of last year's funds. Here the MSA can only answer that the funds weren't made available until October anyway, and it then seemed wise to wait for a better evaluation of what each nation could and should contribute.

So the crossfire will undoubtedly go on, but this year there is one enormously hopeful portent on the Republican side. That is the candidacy of General Eisenhower. Much as his adherents will want to embarrass the Administration, they will scarcely want to embarrass Eisenhower more by torpedoing the military potential of the nations that have made him their Supreme Commander.

Meeting the Yanks at Strasbourg

FERRUCCIO PARRI

Ferruccio Parri was the leader of the Italian resistance in the north, under the name of General Maurizio, during the war and became the first postwar Premier of Italy. He was Italian delegate to the November-December, 1951, meeting of the Council of Europe, which was attended by fourteen members of the U.S. Congress.

WHEN THE lobster was served I happened to be watching Howard W. Smith, Congressman from Virginia. The lobster, prepared by Strasbourg's most skillful chefs, was ushered in triumphantly. Its antennae protruded; it was garlanded with flowers; it was as proud as a ship of the line. Mr. Smith contemplated the lobster, the architecture of the eighteenth-century dining hall, the array of bright silver and glass on the table, then seemed to withdraw into his own thoughts.

Apparently Congressman Smith does not like wine; he declined a magnificent Burgundy, politely sipped at his champagne. I felt sorry for him. Some of his American companions were equally abstemious; others drank a great deal, confirming the European view that American civilization lacks balance. I was tempted to compare Europe with America, in this matter of wine at least, and say that Europe was ruled by the classic tradition of moderation. But no. Everywhere there are saints and sinners, people who do not drink too much and people who do.

I had heard Congressman Smith

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speak in the conference room that morning. Intent and intelligent, he was obviously anxious to get to the heart of the matter, to learn the real views of the Europeans he had come to meet. Now, sitting at the formal table in the banquet hall, he had before him a glimpse of ancient Europe, and in the scene a hint of the refinements Europe's age-old civilization has produced. Yet even here it seemed to me that he must be asking the same questions: Has Europe the will to live? Can we trust it as a partner?

On the first day of the Strasbourg meetings between parliamentary representatives of Europe and the United States, I could not, as a European, avoid a feeling of embarrassment and even of guilt when I listened to the American delegation. For some of the remarks made that first day, although politely phrased, revealed only too clearly a basic American attitude. It seemed to me that the Americans were saying: "Do these damned Europeans intend to sponge on us forever?" I admit that I felt a certain sympathy for the American point of view.

Centripetal Forces

For at first most of the European delegates seemed to concentrate their entire efforts on setting forth the obstacles to either political or economic unity. Britain, as everybody knows, is tied up with the Commonwealth; its heart is not in Europe but on the sea. The Scandinavians take their cue from Britain and still look upon Europe as nothing more than a convenient geographical term. The German Socialist followers of Kurt Schumacher have aims diametrically opposed to those of Adenauer, and the Benelux trio of nations look askance at a continental union from which Britain is absent. The Socialists are nationalists on the Thames and the Rhine; in Paris and Brussels they are uncertain and divided except in a unanimous protest against the creation of a three-power federation under the shadow of the Pope.

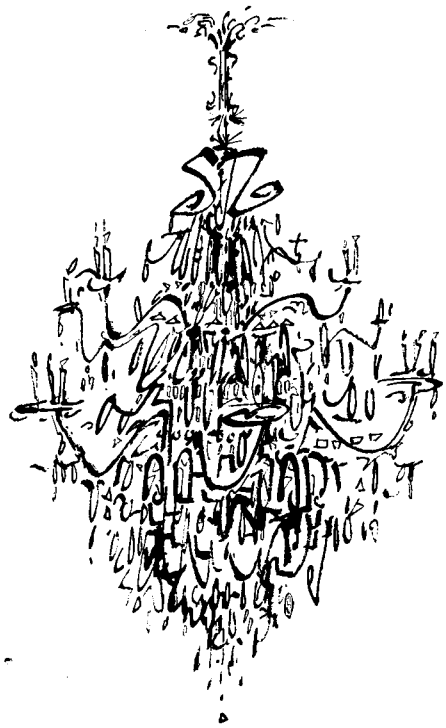
The Europeans went on to deplore the danger of too great a load of military expenses, saying, "You Americans pay heavy taxes for rearmament, but you still can put butter on your bread, whereas we must choose between guns and bread itself. You ask us to furnish brigades and divisions, but it is useless to mobilize half-starved and discontented men—for not even liberty itself can be defended on any empty stomach." Each nation, of course, dwelt on its own particular woes: France on its war in Indo-China, Germany on its refugee problem. Perhaps Italy's surplus-population problem sounded the most difficult. Senator Hubert H. Humphrey, in any case, was very sympathetic.

When the delegates came to the discussion of economic conditions since the outbreak of the Korean War, the Europeans blamed the United States for their current crisis. The Marshall Plan, they admitted, had been a substantial success, but its operations had come to an end; if it had lasted another year or so, Europe's problem would have been solved. They accused the Americans of having monopolized raw materials for their war needs, thereby pushing Europe to the brink of inflation. The very life of European industry was threatened by the lack of raw materials, and the United States, necessarily or not, was withholding them.

Discussion was in rapid-fire American style, lively, frank, and argumentative. It soon was clear that the fourteen American delegates were a match for their European colleagues. They were at their keenest when it came to debating with the British—to the manifest enjoyment of the continentals.

Raw materials? the Americans queried. Don't you Britishers have tin, wool, and rubber? Why should Europe have to import coal from America? And what about the absurd fact that Britain, desperately needing 500,000 workers for its rearmament program, will not hire them from abroad, while Italy is struggling with unemployment?

Poverty of the European working class? On this subject the Americans



expressed complete sympathy. But, they asked, were the rich and the industrialists paying all their taxes? At this point the continentals had to blush.

Senator William Benton fired a broadside against European industrialists and their weak-kneed governments. The industrialists, he implied, think that everything is wonderful as long as the profits roll in and that they need make no effort toward social justice so long as their workmen don't start shooting them. The price monopolies they enforce freeze the economic system, raise costs, and lower the standard of living. Senator Benton was right in admonishing Europeans to form a common market by breaking down customs barriers. He was less persuasive in his attack upon the Malthusian character of European cartels.

There was truth in what he said, but his conception of our economic problems had something prejudiced and one-sided about it. Later, in Italy, Benton repeated this lecture; doubtless he was surprised to find his Roman pupils singularly hard of hearing. The American delegates were also a bit tedious when they harped on the formation of their own country's Federal Union as an example for Europe.

All in all, I was struck by the friendly sincerity with which the Americans tried to put over the points they thought it essential for us to hear. Every Ameri-

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can citizen is aware, as a taxpayer, they said, that he must make sacrifices for the common cause and specific sacrifices for the defense of Europe. Every European, they said, should have the same awareness. It is a very dangerous error for Europeans to assume that a little more effort on the part of the American taxpayer would solve Europe's problems. The Americans realize that they could have spent their Marshall Plan money to greater effect. But have the Europeans, for their part, done all that they could? The Schuman Plan is a step forward, and so is the European army. All very well. But Europe must go further. If Europe shows the moral fiber prerequisite to self-defense, America will always be at its side.

The European Side

So I looked from Congressman Smith to the lobster, then back at Smith and his companions. I knew that they tended to consider us wavering in purpose, divided in action. I had to admit that they were largely right. Were there, then, no points in our favor?

Let me say once more that we had been none too optimistic upon our visitors' arrival. We had read the account of how grudgingly Congress had allotted funds for their trip. The isolationists had taken the opportunity to damn us completely, and even our friends had spoken of Europeans as if they were foundlings in need of protection, or retarded cases to be civilized and taught the elements of democracy. The first meeting swept all misgivings away. The men we faced were gifted with common sense and sound judgment. Few among them were known to us by name, but we found all of them experienced in public administration and many of them in economic affairs. Their mental elasticity was anything but uniform; some of them had limited horizons and others were inclined to be petty and nagging, especially during the first discussions, when they seemed to be playing for the benefit of their colleagues back home and showing that they were not going to be outsmarted.

But upon further acquaintance a real (and not merely a banquet or convivial) congeniality arose between us. Men of integrity and good will from both sides were drawn to one another. The humanity and moral strength of Humphrey and Congressman Walter H. Judd aroused in us an immediate response; the former mayor of Minneapolis reasoned along the same lines as the lady mayor of an English industrial city or the mayor of Milan.

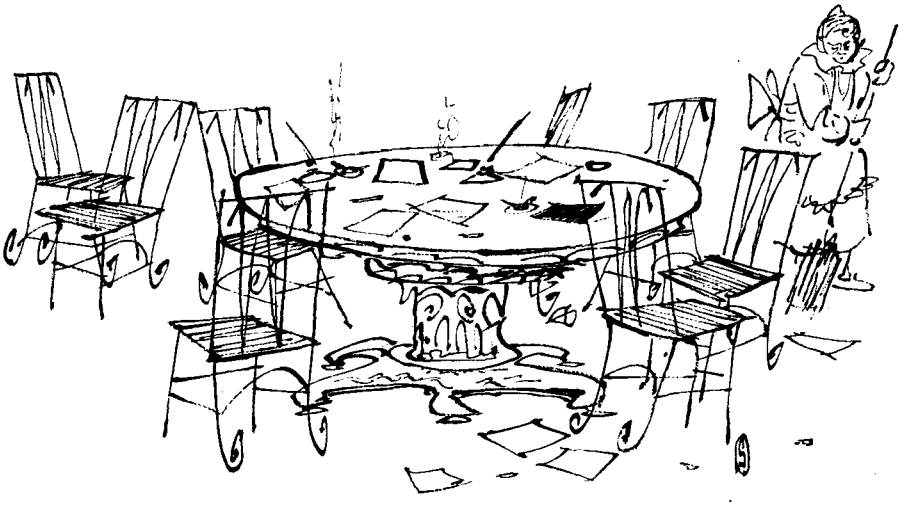
Certainly the Strasbourg meetings did much to clarify our guests' ideas, to give them a more concrete knowledge of European problems. But it would be inexact to say that Europe's attitude was made entirely clear. Let us consider for a moment what the American delegates may have failed to understand. Their difficulty in grasping the complexities of the European mentality derives from certain characteristics of their own mentality, which is concrete and empirical and at the same time simple and elementary even to the point of being disarmingly naïve. I heard them preach like apostles of eighteenth-century Enlightenment, but then they passed abruptly from homilies on liberty and civilization to the most material details. There was no intermediate basis for argument along general lines. And yet at times they came out with political and juridical definitions of great pertinence and precision.

Psychological Errors

Along with their oversimplified opinions went at times a lack of tact. Americans sometimes make glaring psychological errors. We had already seen an example in the mistaken choice of European advisers for the Marshall Plan. The process is repeated in U.S. propaganda, no doubt adapted to Middletown, U.S.A., but positively damaging to the U.S. cause in Europe. I am not sure, for instance, that our American friends understood at Strasbourg that the kind of anti-Communist tactics prescribed by Senator Joseph McCarthy and Colonel Robert R. McCormick, or even by the man on the street in the Middle West, can serve only to throw Europeans into the arms of the Communist Party.

Another obvious difficulty was the Americans' lack of information about European affairs. The average European parliamentary representative of today is far better informed about the United States than these men were about Europe. And also the American elections were already imminent. Awareness of the pressure of public opinion at home was evident when it came to a discussion of the high tariffs which make it so hard for Europeans to earn American dollars through commercial exchange. The Americans' answers were vague, evasive, or else definitely negative, and in direct contradiction to their previous preaching.

So it was that the most important and desirable conclusion to be drawn from the Strasbourg meetings remained theoretical and somewhat up in the air. When various nations with deep and lasting common purposes are led by force of circumstances to by-pass ordinary diplomatic and military alliances in order to attain some higher form of organization, there is no stopping halfway. The goal must be a community based on genuine co-operation, on a real partnership, not on the rule of the strongest. At a time when the economic relationship between the European nations and the United States is so very one-sided, the United States cannot dodge the necessity of restoring the balance in a permanent and organic way—as it did for a while with the generous and enlightened Marshall Plan. It is not a question of sporadic charity, but of reducing American tariffs and of raising investment



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loans to the level of the surplus of its balance of payments. Europe cannot very well be asked to combat inflation when the causes are outside its control. Without a steady supply of raw materials at settled and reasonable prices, together with the possibility of transferring currency from the sterling and European Payments Union areas to the dollar area, Europe remains too greatly handicapped.

Four Dark Horsemen

The concept of European unity as a first step in the organization of the western world, and ultimately of Asia and Africa, in a process that is the only hope for a bloodless victory over Stalin and Mao Tse-tung, was not sufficiently formulated or emphasized. Four dark horsemen of the Apocalypse trouble Europe's dreams: war, Bolshevism, inflation, and unemployment. For European leaders to combat these perils and still defend free institutions is a difficult and often a dramatic task. Many of the fourteen pilgrims from Washington grasped the drama of the situation and realized that European hesitation and uncertainty cannot always be interpreted as signs of moral weakness and "neutralism." They saw the need for a balanced effort as the prime guaranty of resistance.

The conversations served a useful purpose, and they can be repeated, with a more efficiently organized procedure, to the benefit of both sides. In Strasbourg I met stalwart men and honest faces, and the memory they have left with me is in every way agreeable.

My only reservation is connected with the tremendous slap on the back administered to me on the first day by Senator Alexander Wiley. Because we Europeans are not accustomed to this gesture, I was nonplused and did not return it. Some day I hope I may.

Tom Connally's Last Battle?

HART STILWELL and STUART LONG

TOM CONNALLY, the seventy-four-year-old senior Senator from Texas, who often plays a decisive role in world politics as chairman of the U.S. Senate Foreign Relations Committee, is in political trouble back home. Connally's situation is especially annoying because he hasn't figured out the exact nature of the trouble and doesn't know how to defend himself against it.

As a result there is at least a fifty-fifty chance that Connally will be defeated by a combination of factors: a strong young opponent, charges that Connally is too liberal, charges that he is too conservative, and the sagging condition of political fences he hasn't bothered to mend.

Connally hasn't had serious opposition since 1934, and he hasn't had to make a really hard campaign since 1928, when he was elected as an anti-Ku Klux Klan candidate in a rip-snorting contest.

His major opponent for the Democratic nomination in the July primary is Texas Attorney General Price Daniel, who wasn't born when Connally won his first political race, at the turn of the century. Daniel, a trust-busting, crime-fighting attorney general who is winding up his third two-year term, is doing some fumbling himself, trying to sort out the proper issues and the proper stand to take on each.

Another possible opponent is former Congressman Martin Dies, the man who holds the basic patent on McCarthyism. Dies says he will get into the race if he can raise $100,000. His entry would probably force a runoff, but otherwise it would be of no significance, since most people in Texas are pretty fed up with Dies.

Some changes in Connally's international outlook as a result of his preparations for battle are already evident. Last year he apparently listened to exaggerated reports about supposedly hysterical throngs of Texans cheering

Harris & Ewing

Senator Tom Connally

General MacArthur, and read deeply in the Dallas *News*, and as a result, he began, as one Texan put it, "voting scared." He started to ease away from his former position as a staunch supporter of the Administration's foreign policies in hope of wooing back some of the Texas votes his internationalism may have cost him.

Where Daniel Stands

If Daniel is elected he is almost certain to support the Administration in its European policies and quite likely to

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oppose its policies in Asia. He is convinced that this nation handed China to the Communists on a platter, and has echoed the "Acheson must go!" outcry. But he is not an isolationist. He thinks our European program is working pretty well, and he approves the principle of collective security. He is anti-Truman, and a year ago suggested that both parties nominate Eisenhower.

Many internationally minded Texans believe Daniel understands foreign affairs better than Connally and would represent a definite improvement on that score. It is possible that Daniel, if elected, would prove them wrong, especially since he is expected to base a major part of his fight on Connally's record in foreign affairs.

Connally still has not decided whether he will return to Texas and conduct an active campaign or remain in Washington and ignore Daniel while others carry on the fight. The best guess is that if Connally doesn't campaign actively he will be defeated. Whether he is durable enough to stump the huge state of Texas is a question.

Connally was examined by a Texas doctor recently, when he visited the state, and the physician said he was in fine shape. "A man is as young as his arteries," he said, placing the age of Connally's arteries at twenty-five.

But those who talked to Connally at the time thought the Senator gave evidence of aging, mentally as well as physically. Even his friends were upset by his petulance with reporters.

The Orders of Battle

The battle lines are shaping about like this:

Political organization—Connally retains only a few remnants of his own organization and a few remnants of the organization built up by Senator Morris Sheppard, which he acquired when he married Sheppard's widow. But it is expected that Herman Brown, multi-multi-millionaire anti-labor contractor, utility man, banker, oil man, and a big gun behind Senator Lyndon Johnson as well as a dominant voice in the Texas legislature, will put his organization behind Connally.

Ed Clark, Brown's chief lobbyist, is expected to direct the Connally campaign, while Frank Oltorf, another Brown lobbyist, is expected to come back from Washington, where he has been helping Connally.

Daniel has an organization of his own and a good one, which he built in 1946 and has kept intact.

Money—Connally will get all he wants, mostly from the major oil companies, Standard and its subsidiaries. He has helped block all attempts to remove the outrageous 27.5 per cent oil-depletion allowance from the tax laws, and has aided the oil people in other ways.

Daniel, on the other hand, won the enduring hatred of the oil, gas, and sulphur interests when, as Speaker of the House of Representatives, he helped block a sales tax and pushed through a natural-resources tax instead. And as attorney general he has been rough on the major oil companies, and even now is pushing an anti-trust suit against ten of them.

Despite these tactics, Daniel is expected to get a big chunk of money from the fantastically reactionary and fantastically wealthy Houston oil man H. R. Cullen, and from others who worry, as Cullen does, more about Connally's "radicalism" than about Daniel's trust busting. Strangely enough, Daniel can also expect to get a few nickels and quarters from liberals and from labor groups here and there. But his campaign funds won't be as easily come by as Connally's.

Campaigning ability—Connally was at one time a stem-winding campaigner. His commanding figure and fine flow of old-time oratory impressed people, but he may not be able to bring it off as he once did. Daniel is a good but not outstanding speaker, and a hard-working, smart campaigner.

Harris & Ewing

Martin Dies

Latin-American vote—Daniel is likely to get that part of the Mexican-American vote that feels strongly about the race issue, and probably half the rest of it. The Texas-Mexicans associate Connally with the big farm interests, and they remember his recent statements favoring an uninterrupted flow of cheap Mexican labor into Texas to pick the state's cotton. Although Daniel appeared in court against Texas-Mexicans when they sought to break down the last barrier of segregation in schools, he was the first holder of high office in Texas to appoint a Texas-Mexican to a responsible state position.

The Negro vote—Connally's efforts in helping block passage of FEPC are well known to Negroes, and Daniel carried the state's battle to keep Negroes out of the University of Texas to the U.S. Supreme Court.

But politically alert Negro leaders indicate they will favor Daniel. As one put it: "Mainly it's because Senator Connally is an old man and is very powerful and we know exactly where he stands—against us—and we know he isn't going to change. But Price Daniel is a young man and he has said and done things that make us believe he doesn't have any bitterness and wouldn't mind seeing the end of segregation."

Labor—A majority of workers who vote solely on the labor issue will favor Daniel. True, his pro-labor record in the Texas legislature was made during the New Deal days, and he has uttered some strong statements against "labor practices" since then. But in general he has not worked against labor, and union men in Texas accept it as routine that a politician must denounce labor practices from time to time if he hopes to be re-elected. Connally's labor record is on the books—the Smith-Connally Act, support of Taft-Hartley, and so on down the line.

Political machines—There is no state Democratic machine in Texas. The Dixiecrats are expected to give Daniel some support, even though he is not a Dixiecrat, but there will be some division.

Governor Allan Shivers and his per-

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sonal political machine will probably work for Connally, a strange development in view of the fact that Shivers has been constantly sniping at the Senator. But that was during the period when Shivers considered running for the Senate instead of the governorship.

Shivers knows that if Price Daniel is elected, the political star of Allan Shivers might set in a few years. On the other hand there is a possibility that Connally may either resign or be unable to finish his term due to natural causes. Then Shivers could resign as governor, Ben Ramsey (who is almost certain to be re-elected as lieutenant governor) would appoint him to Connally's Senate seat, and as the incumbent he would have the edge in the subsequent election.

For months there has been talk in Texas that Connally and Shivers have made a deal calling for Connally's resignation in two years or so. Both deny this.

Newspapers—The majority of the big newspapers will support Connally, because they know which candidate is the genuine conservative. The Houston *Chronicle* and the Scripps-Howard papers and a few others will oppose Connally because of his record on international affairs. A majority of the country weeklies will go for Daniel, who owns one of them and gets around among the country editors.

Outside influences—Fulton Lewis, Jr., who came to Texas with General MacArthur, has visited the state recently to help start the fight against Connally. It is expected that the type of vicious smear campaign carried on in Maryland against former Senator Millard Tydings will be launched against Connally, with the brains and money coming from outside the state. The result may be a boomerang—Texans, like all other Southerners, want no Damyankees messing in their affairs.

World Wide

Price Daniel

Dabblings in New Dealism

Judged by their records and public utterances, both men could have been considered mild New Dealers during the early days of the Roosevelt Administration. Both have veered away from that position in recent years.

Although Connally was quick to turn against organized labor after Roosevelt's death, he was slow in changing his stand on such matters as public housing, price and rent control, old-age insurance, and so on, and his stand on some of those issues might still be considered as on the side of "the little man." On the whole, his record is about 70-30 to his credit, but the 70 stems mostly from bygone years.

His enlightened stand on international affairs was taken during the war, when he found himself basking in the reflected glory of the late Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg. He followed the same path until recently when he began to worry about reports of the election fight against him.

Basically Connally is an old-style Southern conservative who was temporarily pulled off his course by Roosevelt and wartime events. During the past year he has been trying hard to make amends for his long record of deviationism.

Daniel could be considered more nearly a liberal, although certainly not a liberal in any very broad sense of the term. Two events have warped his thinking, one on the international scene, one on the Texas scene: his first-hand observation of the fade-out of Nationalist China and his loss of the tidelands oil case in the U.S. Supreme Court.

The former embittered him against this nation's policies in Asia; the latter embittered him against Federal control and pushed him toward the states-rights' camp. He refuses to admit that losing the tidelands case was largely his own fault. He hitched Texas's good claim—based on its treaty with the

World Wide

Governor Allan Shivers

United States—to the flimsy claims of California and Louisiana. When he had a chance to accept a fair compromise, he refused, preferring to play politics. He lost, and is still fighting the case in his mind. It may influence his vote on many issues involving Federal-state relations.

Reversion to Bourbonism

Daniel has been a good public official. He has served the interests of the people, often against pressure from special interests.

Whether he would make a better Senator than Connally would depend largely on the extent to which he would let expediency and his prejudices guide him. He could make a better one: He has the intelligence and ability.

But expediency and prejudice were both dominant notes in Daniel's opening campaign address on January 21, when he denounced Federal spending, high taxes, Truman and Acheson for our Asian policies, and Truman in particular for the decision in the tidelands oil suit. Daniel came out against what he called "socialized medicine," against the Brannan Plan, against repeal of Taft-Hartley, and against FEPC. His address could easily have been made by any typical reactionary Southern politician, and this speech unfortunately makes it appear that he is determined to carry Deep South plantation provincialism to Washington—if he ever gets that far north.

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Israel: New State At the Crossroads

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

(This is the second of several articles that THE REPORTER *is publishing from time to time presenting various views on the new state of Israel. The series started in our January 22 issue with George Lichtheim's article, "Israel Looks to the West.")*

THE recent announcement by the Israeli government of the limitation of immigration into Israel on the basis of "selectivity," instead of on the previous principle of unlimited, unrestricted, and encouraged immigration, possesses greater historic significance than anything that has occurred in the new state since its emergence in 1948. It is nothing less than a bloodless revolution in the economic, political, and particularly the ideological principles of the nation. It goes to the very foundation of the new state and is likely to transform Israel not only in form but also in content and in aims. Nor is it a temporary change which may pass with increased contributions from the United States, as is believed in some quarters. Premier Ben-Gurion's abandonment of the "Ingathering of the Exiles" marks the end of one epoch and the beginning of a new one in the brief history of Israel.

Roof Before Walls

The outstanding fact about Israel is that immigration there is not the ordinary problem that it is in most other countries. It is the fundamental and central issue, for a very obvious reason: All other states were created after the bulk of their populations had been on their lands for centuries, or at least for generations; in Israel the state was born before the bulk of the population was in the country.

The Jewish National Home of the 1917 Balfour Declaration was a *promise* of a home, the possibility of making a dream a reality. Israel, when it was established, only partly fulfilled that promise, and issued a kind of promissory note for the balance. The state of Israel began its building from the top. It built a glamorous roof before it had finished the walls. It was therefore necessary to rush the material of which the walls of a nation are made—population.

This is why immigration in Israel is more than a mere transfer of people from one place to another for the improvement of economic, political, or other conditions of life. It is a process of a different character and with a different purpose. It is, in the first place, a test of Israel's validity as a state, of its ability to exist in reality, not merely as an idea. It is the final proof of a unique experiment in statehood. It therefore transcends mere economic interests and releases profound religious emotions.

Modern Exodus

The entire subject of immigration in Israel is enveloped in an atmosphere of emotionalism which moves the average Israeli, or Zionist outside Israel, to lapse into Biblical language whenever he speaks of it. A Zionist does not simply emigrate to Israel. He is *Oleh* (he ascends) to it, as the ancient Judaeans made pilgrimages to Jerusalem in the time of the Temple. The Jewish immigrants to Israel are "redeemed." The entire process of immigration to Israel

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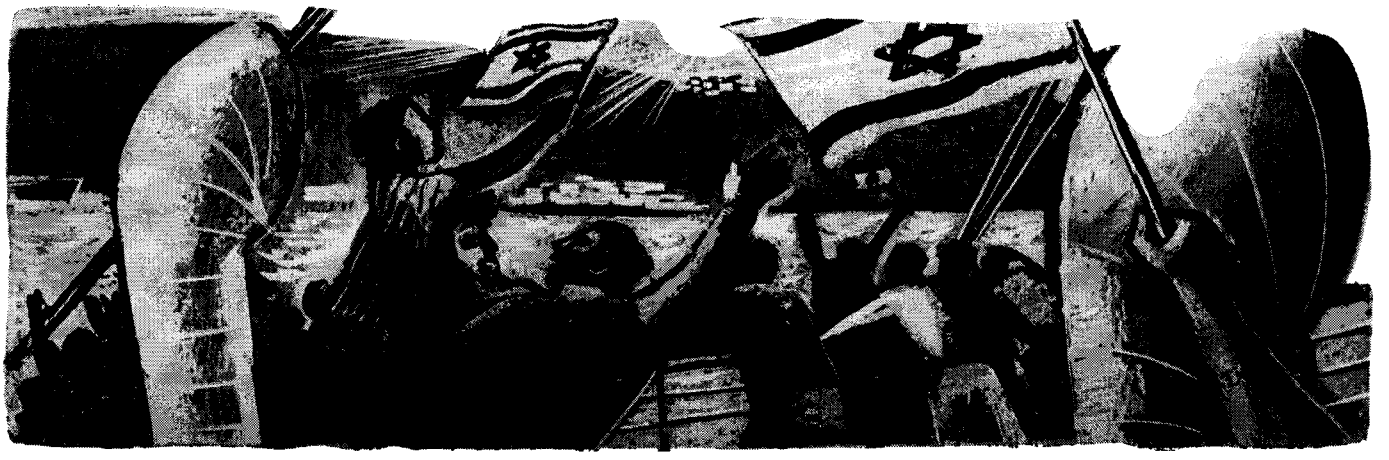

goes under the Biblical phrase "Ingathering of the Exiles," and is compared with the Exodus from Egypt. Like religion, it is accepted on faith. It is treated like a goal for which everything is sacrificed—comforts, food, necessities of life, the rights of the individual citizen, as well as the economic welfare of the nation.

One may or may not approve of such blind faith in these days, but one cannot close one's eyes to the fact that it was chiefly this faith and the hope, and the strength and courage they produced, that were responsible for one of the greatest acts of humanitarianism in probably the most brutal period in the memory of mankind. And this act was not so much the establishment of Israel itself as the redemption from the concentration camps and ghettos of Europe of the pitiful remnant of Central European Jewry. It began as an illegal underground movement immediately after the war, before Israel was established, and was a spontaneous, inspired, and constructive movement for freedom and self-respect.

Numbers and Time

With the foundation of Israel, this movement was proclaimed as the highest law, aim, and purpose of the new state. Immigration to Israel was declared free for every Jew in the world, and all the energy and resources of the state were directed toward making this policy a reality in a great hurry. Numbers and time were the two fundamentals of the Israeli immigration policy. The result was that during the first three years of Israel's existence as a state, 250,000 European Jews were brought there. Apart from these, another 350,000 Jews from countries behind the Iron Curtain and from Arab states, where conditions were even worse than in the European concentration camps, were similarly removed. Thus 600,000 Jews were brought to a new home and life.

This is a tremendous achievement for any country or people, even of the size and wealth of the United States. Considering that Israel is a small and poor country and that its normal absorptive capacity under the British mandate after 1939 was considered to be 1,500 a month, the admission of up to 20,000 per month for more than three years is a marvel that cannot be obscured by any criticism.

Security and Equality

But this was not all. Together with this vast scheme of immigration went another great process of human rehabilitation and reconstruction, both physical and mental, on a scale unparalleled in modern times. Thousands were transferred to the land; thousands of others were placed in industry; still others were sent to reclaim the desert and build new settlements.

It is true that all this was not accomplished without a great deal of misery and suffering. Scores of thousands of the new immigrants were dumped into the new land without regard to the elementary rules of health and comfort, and thousands still live in conditions not much better than those of the camps, but the majority have managed to adjust to a new life. Many of the immigrants had been inmates of the Nazi concentration and labor camps for years, and were broken in spirit even more than in body. They needed spiritual comfort as much as daily bread and shelter. They needed an atmosphere of friendship, kinship, and warmth to help them forget the horrors of the past. They needed a feeling of security and equality to restore their self-respect and dignity. All this—to the credit of the people of Israel—was supplied in abundance.

The people of Israel gave not only their understanding and sympathy; they also made huge sacrifices to help the new immigrants establish themselves and to make them feel that they belonged in the new community. This fine outburst of idealism was not entirely altruistic, especially as far as the government leaders were concerned. These men never left any doubt that the large immigration was necessary for the security of Israel in the event of another war with the Arabs. The younger immigrants were inducted into the army immediately upon their arrival, while the older people were sent to take the places of the Arabs who had fled in the panic of war. With all that, the unique immigration movement to Israel will probably go down in history as one of the great tasks of the period following the second World War.

Deepening Shadows

But this magnificent effort was not without darker aspects, which, as time proceeded, deepened into a cloud that could no longer be ignored, despite the general taboo on criticism of the subject. The first and most frequent criticism advanced against the Israeli immigration policy is that it undermined the economic position of the nation. Israel lacks the natural resources, minerals, and oil that have made other countries in the Middle East economically significant. The agriculture was barely sufficient for an Arab commu-

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nity that lived on a primitive standard. Industry was practically unknown in the country until the first Jewish settlers introduced it, and it too has been greatly handicapped because most raw materials must be imported.

Opponents of Zionism have always advanced the poverty and small size of Palestine as the chief reason for their lack of faith in the possibility of the existence of a state in that area. Honest Zionists, including President Chaim Weizmann, never denied Palestinian poverty, but they argued that the emotional appeal which the land of the Bible makes to Jews, together with the known resourcefulness of the Jewish people, would compensate for it.

This was partly true so long as the settlement was small and the immigrants were mostly idealists whose chief motive for settlement was not economic advancement. Apart from this, many of the earlier settlers were people of some property; immigration was kept down to 1,500 a month. The country was part of the British economic and financial bloc and gained many benefits from that association, especially in a large export of citrus fruit to Great Britain. Arab agriculture, although it was primitive, supplied the country with almost all its vegetables and fruit and some grain.

Outpouring of Aid

All this changed radically when Israel became a state and embarked upon a program of unlimited and uncontrolled immigration. In the first place, the term "unlimited and uncontrolled immigration" is a misrepresentation, to put it mildly. The present immigrants do not come to the country at their own expense. Their immigration is organized, prepared, and subsidized from the first to the last step. Expenses of transportation to Israel and adjustment in Israel are defrayed by the Jewish Agency, a semi-government body, subsidized by American Jewry to the amount of hundreds of millions of dollars annually. The largest item of the budget of the United Jewish Appeal, the American Jews' largest relief fund, goes to cover this free immigration.

It has been estimated that the average cost of bringing over one immigrant to Israel and making him self-sufficient is about $2,500. The transportation and settlement of 600,000 immigrants cost nearly $1.5 billion—a sum that could bankrupt a much richer and larger country than Israel. If to this is added the tremendous expenditure on military preparedness for the generally expected "second round" of the Arab war, and the further fact that the agricultural production of the country has been greatly depleted by the evacuation of the bulk of the Arab settlers (approximately 800,000), who were mostly engaged in farming, it is remarkable that the Israeli economy could have survived until now.

The fact is that the only thing that has staved off Israel's complete economic collapse until now is the remarkable outpouring of financial aid from the United States (and partly other countries) in the form of subsidies, grants-in-aid, loans, bond sales, and innumerable other fund-raising projects. Israel is proportionately the most-subsidized country in the world, but even with all its subsidies the country is on the brink of financial collapse. The Israeli pound, whose official value was $4.03 when the state was proclaimed in May, 1948, has now reached a low of sixty cents. Israel is on the road to uncontrolled and uncontrollable inflation, more dangerous for the new state than for most others because Israel is not an agricultural country and has to obtain eighty per cent of its food from abroad. This has now resulted in a food shortage which, in any other country that does not have the help from abroad Israel gets, would have caused semi-starvation.

It was this critical situation, more than the mounting criticism in the Israeli press, that effected the drastic change reducing the number of immigrants from 20,000 to 5,000 a month and limiting eighty per cent of the immigration to healthy persons under thirty-five who will work on agricultural projects for two years. In short, sober heads in Israel have realized that philanthropy cannot be the permanent basis of the country's economy.

The Oriental Influx

Another factor that has served to undermine the Israeli immigration policy was that it was rapidly changing the population of the country from a predominantly European to an Oriental stock. Official figures show that from the formation of the state to the end of May, 1951, Israel admitted more than 600,000 immigrants, of whom 300,000 were Jews from Asian countries. This introduced another complication into the Israeli experiment. Zionism was started primarily to solve the problem of European Jewry. At the end of the Second World War there were approximately four million Jews left in Europe, including the camps and the Communist countries. But only from the camps was immigration to Israel large, spontaneous, and eager. Israel cleared out practically all the 200,000 D.P.'s and many who had come to the camps after the war—from Poland and other east European countries. But then the immigration of European Jews became a trickle.

Partly this is due to the fact that immigration from the Communist countries is practically prohibited, partly also to the undeniable fact that European Jews do not choose to emigrate to Israel except when they are forced to do so by tyrannical régimes. In western Europe there is now practically no Jewish migration to Israel. France provides a good illustration of the situation. That country now has a Jewish population of more than 200,000—larger than prewar. Most of them are former east European Jews. Many of them are imbued with Zionism and nationalism, and yet practically all prefer to remain where they are instead of going to Israel. The same situation prevails in Belgium, Holland, Italy, the Scandinavian countries, and even West Germany. Thousands of Jews in these countries are registered for migration, but not to Israel. Many prefer to wait long years for visas to North and South America, though they could enter Israel with no visas or waiting, would be eagerly received, and would have the aid of the Jewish institutions.

It was this strange and highly disap-

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pointing situation that caused the Israeli Government to increase recruitment of immigrants in Arab states such as Yemen, Iraq, and the countries of North Africa. These now constitute about twenty-five per cent of the entire population of Israel. Since almost the entire new immigration comes from the same countries, and the birth rate of the Oriental Jews is extremely high (they are used to practicing polygamy), statistical experts in Israel predict that by 1955 they will constitute half the population.

The Arab Background

This raises a host of questions which, although not so acute and dramatic as the food shortage and inflation, are not less serious. To begin with, these people are not of the same civilization as the European Jews. Despite the nationalistic theory that all Jews, no matter where they come from, are one people, in reality there is a greater distance between an Arab Jew and a European Jew than between a European Jew and non-Jew. The two civilizations are so far apart that even the common religion is practiced differently by the Jews of each group.

It is not impossible, then, if immigration keeps up at this rate, that Israel may end up by becoming in a few generations an Arab state of Jewish religion, much as Lebanon is an Arab state of Christian religion. It is not impossible, either, that after world conditions become more normal, some European Jews will prefer to return to Europe. These nightmarish doubts and questions haunt nationalistic Jews in Israel more than is known in the outside world, and it is their feelings that are responsible for the change in immigration policy even more than the economic crisis and the increasingly serious food shortage.

The Ideological Basis

Still another criticism of the Israeli immigration policy has come from outside Israel, especially from the United States. It is concerned not so much with immigration as with the fundamental ideological theory behind the immigration policy, which affects Jews the world over. This theory is that Israel is the home not only of the Jews who now live there and are its citizens, but of all Jews the world over, wherever they are and wherever their home is. According to it, the Jews have been a homeless people ever since they left Judaea two thousand years ago; they have been, are, and will remain aliens and exiles in every country of their abode even if they and their families have lived there for generations and centuries, and Jews can never become an integral part of any country or civilization except Israel.

It follows from this theory that since Israel has become a state, all the Jewish "exiles" from all the world must return to their ancient "homeland" and thus fulfill the prophecy of the "Ingathering of the Exiles." Thus it is not enough for a Jew living outside Israel to contribute financially or otherwise to the building of Israel. Such help is contemptuously described as merely "philanthropic," and denounced as insufficient, shallow, and hypocritical. A true Zionist has a personal duty to Israel which he must fulfill by giving up his present home and settling in Israel with his family—not so much for the aid that this would bring Israel but for his own sake, for nowhere else in the world can a Jew live fully and happily as a Jew.

Fantastic as this theory may sound to the average American Jew, it is nevertheless passionately believed in by the bulk of Israelis and nationalistic Jews outside Israel, and it has been the basis of the nationalistic ideology of Zionism for the last fifty years. It has, however, been ignored especially in America, where the Zionist movement began and functioned until a decade ago as a philanthropic movement to help homeless Jews.

With the establishment of Israel, this Messianic aspect of Zionism has been revived in Israel because of the desperate need on the part of Israel for more European and American immigrants. Faced with a crisis that tests the validity of the existence of the state, the Israeli leaders, in their desperation, turned to the one outlet which could solve all their problems in one stroke. If they could only persuade 150,000 American Jews to come and settle in Israel, this would not only solve all their economic and financial crises, but would also strengthen Israel politically, psychologically, and otherwise.

A Rift Appears

This led to a revival of the propaganda for a strong *Halutziut* (nationalistic-pioneer) movement in the United States and for American Jews, especially those who profess to be Zionists, to come to settle in Israel. It also led to the first serious rift between American Zionists and Israelis on the question of immigration. American Jews, including liberal Zionists, are strongly opposed to the entire nation-

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alistic theory of Israeli immigration and particularly to the doctrine that the Jews in the United States live in exile and eventually will have to emigrate to Israel.

The fight broke into the open at the Congress of the World Zionist Organization in Jerusalem (September 17-30, 1951). At that gathering American Zionists were passionately attacked for their failure to fulfill their ideological duty and settle in Israel with their families. They were denounced as shirkers, hypocrities, and almost traitors to the cause. The attacks were made not only by the known extremist nationalistic zealots but also by Premier Ben-Gurion, by Dr. Nahum Goldmann and Berl Locker, the co-presidents of the Jewish Agency, by the Speaker of the Knesset, the leader of Israeli immigration, in fact, by the entire Israeli and Zionist top hierarchy.

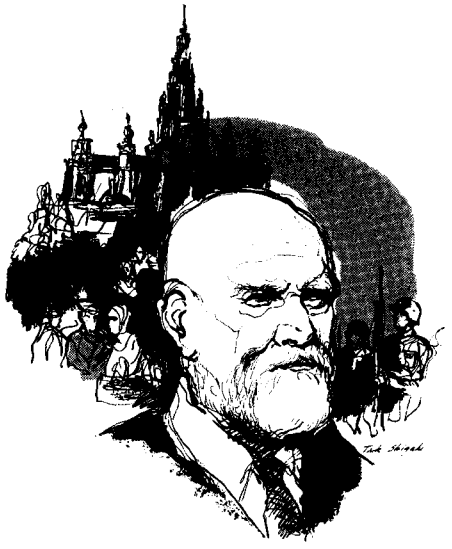
It was officially declared that on this crucial point of the "Ingathering of the Exiles" there is complete agreement among all Israeli parties from the extreme Right to Left, from the religionists to the Communists, and that, in the words of Premier Ben-Gurion: "This state is the only one which is not an end in itself, but serves as a means for the fulfillment of Zionism—the Ingathering of the Exiles . . . it is not a state for its citizens alone, but for the whole Jewish people. . . ." In short, immigration to Israel was to be conducted on the lines of nationalistic ideology and no other.

U.S. Jewish Reaction

The reaction of American Jews was strong and unmistakable. The oldest, most influential organization of American non-Zionists, the American Jewish Committee, devoted a special conference of its executive to the discussion of the subject and issued a strong statement dissociating itself and American Jews from the extreme nationalistic immigration program of the Congress. For the first time in its pro-Zionist career, the committee gave notice that it would support Israel only upon exclusion of all propaganda in the United States by Israelis or by Zionists for the encouragement of the immigration of American Jews to Israel and other forms of nationalistic activities. Jewish labor, which has always been less affected by nationalistic tendencies than other sections of Jewry, is also solidly opposed to the "Ingathering of the Exiles" theory. In fact, even the Zionist Organization of America is in spirit and in fact opposed to it, although officially the Z.O.A. has endorsed a modified version of *Halutziut*.

Thus an immigration policy which has brought a new state into being and has served at the same time as the principal tenet of its faith has been abandoned because it has proved to be too unreal and ideological to serve the practical needs of a modern people. But will this change solve all the problems that besiege the country?

In Israel, immigration has been inextricably bound up with all other fundamental policies of the state. Can one be changed radically without the others? Does the change mean that the leaders of Israel have recognized the error of their former policy based on an ideology and have decided that Israel is to be an ordinary small secular state resting on a sound economic basis and concerned only with the welfare of its own citizens? Israel has now turned a sharp corner and finds itself at a crossroads. It has to make a crucial choice. The next few months will determine what that choice will be.



The Reluctant President of Austria

FREDERIC MORTON

THE ANTEHALL of the Hofburg is packed with Hapsburg splendor. Like crystal labyrinths the giant candelabras stream from the ceiling. Portraits of royalty line the walls. Imperial heraldry and ducal escutcheons are woven into fifteen-foot-high window curtains. The tile oven is proud with turrets and spires, and every golden curve on every chair displays some baroque intricacy.

Someone signals from the corridor. The echoes of my steps seem to tiptoe through the parquetry of silver chambers. Here, it is explained, were the apartments of the Emperor Francis Joseph. There the Empress Elizabeth quartered her ladies in waiting. The face and mechanism of that clock were reversed so that Maria Theresa could read the correct time in the mirror.

Then an orderly presses a shoulder-high doorknob. On the other end of a large room a man gets up. Tall and white-haired, with a patrician beard and a noble carriage, he seems the embodiment of the dignity of his surroundings. Yet it is he who breaks the spell: "Well, another American has found his way through the museum! What a place to stick me in! But sit down, sit down!"

His handshake is firm, long, a bit

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searching. A boyish twinkle sneaks from under the seignioral brow. In a rather folksily Viennese accent he cites a quotation on America—from *Das Kapital*. Then he settles himself on palatial crimson plush, one knee folded comfortably over the other. He is Theodor Körner, former general of the Emperor, by birth (and appearance) one of the last nineteenth-century aristocrats, by office the Socialist President of the Republic of Austria.

Political Pink Elephant

The man now so well ensconced in the Hofburg has been a storm center in Austria for the past seven years. Conservatives accuse him of a Rooseveltian class betrayal, while progressives hail him as the symbol of Austria's development from a tottering empire to a young democracy. However that may be, the paradox of a blue-blooded Pink statesman reached its latest, Presidential phase one evening last May. It was Election Night, and Körner appeared at the opera in gay spirits. Then mayor of Vienna, he had been warmly applauded on entering his box. After an intensive two months' period of campaigning for the country's highest office, the seventy-eight-year-old gentleman was not only in exuberant health but seemed completely relaxed at what must have been to him a critical hour. When the performance was over, a Socialist committeeman ran up to the mayor to whisper something into his ear. Körner paled and exclaimed, "But you said it wouldn't happen!" There was a silence in the foyer; everybody saw the general expectation of Körner's defeat confirmed. The next moment, however, the exasperated ex-officer's voice boomed out: "You *promised* me I wouldn't be elected!"

Remarkably, Körner did not want to be elected and the committee was in a position to promise he wouldn't be. On the one hand, the old gentleman did not like being kicked upstairs from Vienna's bustling Rathaus into the ceremonious quietude of the Presidency. On the other hand, there seemed very little chance that he would be. The election of Dr. Heinrich Gleissner, the respected and capable governor of Upper Austria, was thought to be virtually certain, especially since Gleissner was the candidate of the Volkspartei, the clerico-bourgeois group that in country-wide elections is traditionally the largest vote getter. The Socialists, hoping for not much more than a good prestige vote, nominated Körner. A third contestant, Dr. Burghard Breitner, represented the Nazi-tinged Vereinigung der Unabhängigen.

When the ballots were counted, Gleissner had 40.1 per cent of the votes, Körner 39.1 per cent, Breitner 15.4 per cent, and the Communist candidate, Fiala, five per cent. On the basis of the parliamentary elections that had preceded it, this was a closer and, to the Socialists, more favorable division than had been expected. Since none of the candidates had attained the absolute majority required by the Austrian Constitution, runoff elections between Körner and Gleissner had to be held. Most political experts reasoned that with the neo-Nazis supporting the more rightist candidate, Gleissner, the Socialist standard bearer would at best be a brave loser. The man in the street thought so, the bookmakers thought so, and so did Körner himself. But it was important that his party put up a good fight. Though burdened with his duties as mayor of Vienna, he once more stumped the country.

On May 27 a political pink elephant was born. Against all predictions, Körner had managed to gain 2,172,806 votes—168,516 more than the supposedly invincible Gleissner.

Actually, the Presidential episode is just one bizarre highlight among many in the life of a man who is both Austria's *enfant terrible* and its Grand Old Man.

Hapsburgs to Hitler to Hofburg

Theodor Körner, with a "von" before he dropped it, was born in 1873, the scion of a military clan that moved among the highest circles of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. Young Theodor was a brilliant if somewhat irrepressible cadet, whose mastery of logistics earned him a professorship in the Imperial War College at an early age. By the time the First World War broke out he was a colonel, and by its end he was chief of staff of the Isonzo Army. But while his executive ability kept him high in the councils of the Empire, his unorthodox quirks and "radical" inclinations became increasingly pronounced. He cared little for the niceties of military tradition, liked to parody top-brass mannerisms, often preferred the conversation of corporals to that of colonels, and, while he was in charge of armies, made the preservation of his soldiers' lives a daily personal challenge. Even before the collapse of the monarchy he was talked about as the "Red General."

He did not participate in the anti-monarchical revolution of 1918. There was, after all, his oath to the Emperor. "I was a good boy," he says, "and sometimes I damn myself for it." Still his personal prestige was such that it survived the tremendous anti-military

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wave at the time of the declaration of the Republic. He was the only Hapsburg general to be taken into the new Government. Then, while he was General-Inspector of the Republican Army, came the turning point of his life.

It was very simple. A Socialist official in his department got him to read Friedrich Engels. "It was like waking up in the middle of a bright day." He left his government post, retired from the army, and gave himself to the new creed. But he avoided easy extremes. His choice was not the Communist but the Socialist Party, a moderately leftist organization corresponding to the British Labour Party. Despite his name and reputation, he entered the rank and file to devote himself to organizational and theoretical work. With characteristic self-discipline he divorced himself from his past. When the Socialists, like the other parties, developed semi-military outfits, he was a natural choice to head their Schützbund militia, yet he would accept only an advisory position. The former general was against swordplay of any kind, even if its avowed purpose was the protection of his own party.

Such an attitude did not help him during the civil conflict of 1934. The victorious dictatorship of Engelbert Dollfuss promptly put him in jail. "But, by God," he told me, "I liked that. I had peace and I could study languages." He was in his sixties then, yet jail was to him mainly a fine occasion to learn Russian. Today he speaks the language with an impressive fluency.

Out of the Deep Freeze

After his release in 1935 he went into the political deep freeze. The tornadoes of the late 1930's and the military hurricanes of the early 1940's blew by. Körner stayed in his old house in the suburbs, read Marxist literature, and waited. Kurt von Schuschnigg, the last Chancellor of free Austria, couldn't provoke him, and the Nazis, who could have made much propagandistic capital out of a "conversion," finally gave up and left him alone until 1945. If the old man was prophetic in his sudden penchant for Russian, he was similarly prescient about the national importance of preserving himself. In 1945, after Vienna's liberation and a brief imprisonment by the Nazis, his hour had come.

At that chaotic period a man was needed in the Rathaus who could deal with the generals of the occupying armies, who was strongly representative of the city, not a repatriated exile, and yet entirely untainted with any collaborationist suspicion. In other words, all demands of the emergency converged directly on Körner. Some people muttered that he was too old.

But after his accession to the mayoralty (at first by appointment by the occupying powers, later ratified by indirect elections) he exhibited an energy unsuspected even by adherents. With unseptuagenarian dash he waded right into a swamp of municipal problems. The tremendous job of getting Vienna out from under its ruins was successfully started during his administration. His forthrightness and pep often pleased even the Russian authorities against their wills. And his personal stock rose like a rocket.

Today the old gentleman has received his country's highest honor. In his eyes, though, there is still a twenty-year-old's twinkle. He retains his youthful habits—such as never wearing a hat. He gets up at five o'clock every morning, takes a fast-paced walk through the little park near his Grinzing villa, breakfasts alone (he has never married), and rides to his office. The morning is usually devoted to affairs of state. Körner, however, isn't very Presidential when it comes to the external form of his proceedings. He doesn't like to summon officials to his office, preferring to walk into their bureaus himself. Sometimes he can be found in the Foreign Ministry, sometimes in the messenger room with a personal request. He takes lunch with his chauffeur in a small tavern. The afternoon is spent in his library. He is now reading up on statecraft and apparently goes at it with the same enthusiasm he applied to logistics, Marxism, and Russian syntax.

"The Austrian President," he says, "is what you call a figurehead in English. But you've got to have a head to be a figurehead, right?" And he talks about his late predecessor, Dr. Karl Renner, who was also a Socialist (but never popularly elected) and one of Europe's greatest experts on political economy and sociology. The contrast between Renner's immense knowledge and experience and what Körner terms his own "untutoredness" constitutes one of the new President's greatest challenges. "But I am working on that," he adds stubbornly, pointing to some books on his desk.

Austria's delicate political balance is much less of a source of bother to him. "Yes," he says, "the Chancellor belongs to the same party that put me behind bars in 1934. Some of the people who must have had a hand in

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making out my warrant say 'Your Excellency' to me today. So what? Who knows, had I been in their shoes I might have done like them. This is a coalition Government. We've got to work together now." The same philosophy is leveled at the most terrible question of our decade: "War? Why should there be? There's only one country left that would be economically and militarily able to conquer the world. That's the United States. And does your country want to conquer the world? No? Of course not. Who wants it? So there you are. And, seriously, look: If you fight a war you hope there are going to be some spoils left over after you win. What's going to be left over this time?"

'That Man'

The question of what Körner really is provides increasing fuel for conversation in this part of Europe. His public appearances in capital or province precipitate a popular excitement comparable only to the response aroused by the old Emperor Francis Joseph, to whom he bears a slight but interesting resemblance. The man in the street regards him as the long-missed image of a national paterfamilias. The Socialists see in him, rightly, their greatest political asset. His opponents of the Volkspartei speak of him as "that man." They say that he is senile; that he has used cheap tricks to catch the mob's fancy; that his picturesque appearance is being exploited by leftist wirepullers; that the "turncoat general" of the First World War may become the "turncoat President" of the third.

Some of these accusations are patent smears. Gossip about his alleged unreliability seems particularly groundless, since he is, after all, the kingpin of Austria's largest anti-Communist workers' party, whose iron discipline in factory and mine constitutes the West's most important political asset in that country. Other attacks, to be sure, are taken more seriously. True or not, they all dramatize the heat now generated by the usually colorless and uncontroversial office of the Austrian Presidency. If nothing else, Körner is a center of vitality in a politically fatigued nation. And it is always nice to meet, in a too-smug and success-ridden world, an old top dog who still wants to learn new tricks.

The Protestant Clergy And U.S. Politics

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

THERE ARE indications that a long period of "creative tension" between the clerical leaders of American Protestantism and the American business community is coming to a close with the triumph of the business community over the churches. The creative tension (for it *was* creative on the whole) was due to the fact that the American business community is rather uncritically devoted to the principles of a laissez-faire economics, regarding "free enterprise" as a final and absolute norm of social organization, whereas the clerical leadership of the Protestant churches has been deeply influenced by the traditions of the "social gospel."

The social-gospel movement was in fact a revulsion of the religious conscience against an alliance between Protestant individualism and pietism and classical economic liberalism. This alliance was very potent from the middle to the end of the nineteenth century. The social theories of Protestantism were little more than religious versions of the economic principles of Adam Smith. A Protestant journal in 1874 declared: "Labor is a commodity [that] . . . is governed by the imperishable laws of demand and supply."

It was characteristic of this Protestant individualism that it insisted upon purely individual explanations of social injustice. Thus even Henry Ward Beecher, the famous anti-slavery preacher, could insist: ". . . looking comprehensively at the matter . . . the general truth will stand, that no man in this land suffers from poverty unless it be more than his fault—unless it be his *sin*."

One of the inevitable marks of this kind of individualism was the fear that economic justice might eliminate the necessity of Christian charity. "The poor we have with us always," declared a Protestant journal in the 1870's, "and this is not the greatest of our hardships, but choicest of our blessings. If there is anything a Christian may feel thankful for, it is the privilege of lifting a little of the load of some of his heavily-burdened neighbors." The thoughtful reader may remember that in the early days of the depression President Herbert Hoover opposed unemployment insurance on the ground that it would leave no room for Christian charity. The echoes of this early creed can be detected in Mr. Hoover's economic theories.

Protestant Individualism

Before presenting the evidence for the recrudescence of this type of pious individualism in recent years, it is necessary to give a brief account of the effect of the social gospel upon American Protestantism. This movement was a revolt against the Protestant individualism, which refused to accept any Christian responsibility for the justice of social and political structures, and which pretended to believe that personal virtue, plus the beneficent effects of a self-regulating economy, was all that was needed.

The social-gospel movement had its rise at the end of the nineteenth century and extended to the first decades of this century. Its greatest exponents were Washington Gladden, a Congregational preacher in Columbus, Ohio, and Walter Rauschenbusch, a Baptist theologian. But there were many other influential figures in the movement, such as Francis Peabody of Harvard, the Wisconsin economist Richard Ely, George Herron of the Rand School, and Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago. The most important document of the movement

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was undoubtedly Rauschenbusch's *Christianity and the Social Crisis,* first published in 1907.

The concern for social justice expressed in this movement was the product of the confluence of several different streams of thought. It was partly the fruit of a Christian radicalism that had developed on the American frontier, where the old sectarian pietism had lost its pure individualism and had become related to Jacksonian radicalism. It was partly the consequence of "theocratic" impulses in the heart of Calvinism—impulses intent on bringing "the whole of life under the dominion of Christ." Some of the thought of the social-gospel movement was derived from the radical ideas of the sectarians in Cromwell's army.

All of these streams of thought united to define Christianity's purpose, in the words of Rauschenbusch, "to transform human society into the kingdom of God by regenerating all human relations and reconstituting them in accordance with the will of God."

It may be pertinent to observe that while a certain amount of Marxist thought entered into this amalgam of religious forces, the movement was, from beginning to end, highly moralistic and liberal, almost pathetically anxious to disassociate itself from every idea of a class struggle. A left wing did indeed espouse pure Marxism. This left wing, which was active primarily in the Methodist and (strangely enough) in the Episcopal Churches, also became enmeshed in the toils of Stalinism. It has served the purpose of giving American conservatives the pretext for insisting that the churches are becoming "socialistic."

The Federal Council

Actually the social-gospel movement, despite its great virtue of insisting that social justice is a proper and necessary concern of the Christian faith, was always rather too moralistic to understand fully the operations of economic and political life with their inevitable contests of power and interest. But these defects now appear to be minor when its achievement is recognized: It delivered American Protestantism from meeting complex ethical problems of a technical civilization with an almost completely irrelevant individualistic pietism and moralism.

Perhaps the most significant organizational achievement of the social-gospel movement was that, combined with the growing church-unity movement, it created the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America. This council, which brought all major U.S. Protestant churches into a single co-operative organization, was born in 1908. In its very first meeting it adopted a "social creed" which, though subsequently amended and enlarged, has remained a guide to its social thought. In that creed it insisted upon "the right of workers to protection from the hardships often resulting from crises and industrial change; for the protection of workers from dangerous machinery and occupational disease; for the regulation of the conditions of toil for women; for the gradual and reasonable reduction of hours of labor; for a living wage as a minimum in every industry; for suitable provision for the old age of workers"; and so on. The right of collective bargaining was not asserted in this original creed, though it was implied. That right was added in a later revision; and it may be regarded as significant that the Protestant churches insisted upon this right long before the American business community was ready to grant it.

The social theories of the Federal Council, while originally inspired by the social-gospel movement, achieved a maturity beyond the earlier sentimentality. The council was as active in the field of international relations as in the field of social theory. In international relations it consistently stood for the principle of America's responsibility to the world community against the isolationist tendencies of part of the American business community. Its educational program in international affairs reached its climax after the Second World War, when John Foster Dulles directed the work of its Commission on a Just and Durable Peace.

World Protestantism

The activity of laymen like Dulles in the affairs of the council refutes the charge of radicalism so frequently brought against it by men like John T. Flynn. The co-operation of leading laymen in its economic and social program also disproves the idea that the council represented merely clerical, as distinguished from lay, opinion. In recent years its National Study Committee on the Church and Economic Life held a series of conferences in which some of the most enlightened leaders in business, government, and labor participated.

The last conference of the old Federal Council on economic problems was held in Detroit in February, 1950. It was attended by a genuinely representative group of laymen and clerical leaders and issued a report entitled "The Responsibilities of Christians in an Interdependent Economic World." This report contained no dogmas or isms of the Right or the Left; but it proved that decades of social idealism wedded to organizational responsibility had produced a high degree of ethical and political maturity.

The success of the Federal Council undoubtedly contributed in a very considerable degree to the formation of similar international organizations in which world Protestantism has become united. In turn, the contacts of American Protestant leaders with the leaders

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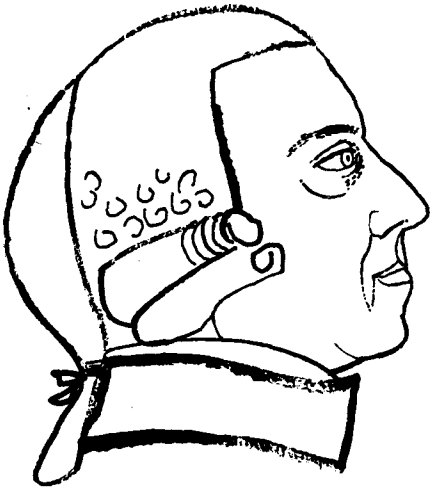
of Europe served to modify what Europeans always felt to be an undue optimism and sentimentality in American social thought. The world movement on Christian Life and Work began in Stockholm in 1925, developed through a conference at Oxford in 1937, and culminated in the organization of the World Council of Churches in Amsterdam in 1948. The Amsterdam conference, incidentally, gave the American business community a great deal of concern. For though it condemned Communism unequivocally, it also faithfully reflected Europe's and Asia's rejection of the American free-enterprise doctrine. It declared that the promise of laissez-faire capitalism, that justice would flow inevitably from economic freedom, had no more been fulfilled than the Communist promise that freedom would flow inevitably from equality.

Thus the old Federal Council of Churches was an instrument for achieving not only a viable pragmatic creed of justice for America but for relating American Protestantism to a world movement of Protestant churches. If, in that world union, American Protestantism lost some of its sentimentality in the field of political affairs, it also helped some of the churches of continental Europe overcome their undue social and political defeatism.

End of an Era?

The question now is whether this whole period of creative tension between the Protestant churches of America and our dominant culture has come to an end. Recently a whole spate of "organizations" has arisen to re-establish the old alliance between Protestant pietism and economic individualism. The word "organizations" is put in quotation marks because these movements, though heavily financed and able to send their literature gratis to practically every Protestant parson, are not membership organizations.

One of them, called Spiritual Mobilization, is directed by the Reverend James Fifield, Jr., of the First Congregational Church of Los Angeles. Its theory is that any government control of economic life is a form of "statism"; and that statism is a horrible form of idolatry that gives government the authority and reverence that are due only to God. Even the mildest deviations from laissez-faire doctrine are defined as the first step down the slippery slope that leads to Communism. This organization, like similar ones, has a political program identical with that of the National Association of Manufacturers, to which it adds merely a prayer and religious unction.



Adam Smith

More recently a biweekly journal entitled *Christian Economics* has made its appearance. It is also so well subsidized that it can be sent free to practically every clergyman in America. This journal is convinced that a sharp distinction must be made between "man-made laws" and "God's laws." "God's laws" are nothing else but "the laws of nature" as the eighteenth-century physiocrats conceived them. They are presumably unalterable norms of social life, which prohibit every contrivance of statesmanship for the regulation of human affairs.

According to this remarkable exposition of Christian doctrine, even the Federal postal system is a mistake. We would be much better off if the government made postal service subject to competitive bidding. The combination of economic and religious naïveté exhibited in this journal is a reminder of the fact that uncritical religion is frequently a plausible, and therefore dangerous, ally of uncritical ideological positions in the political debate. It is difficult to assess the influence of these movements. They are undoubtedly intended to make American Protestantism the devoted ally of the most uncritical and nostalgic form of American liberal-conservatism. For it is clear that American conservatism in its most unviable form is a kind of decadent liberalism that thinks a return to pure classical economic liberalism is a live option for America.

Financial Support

The financial support of Spiritual Mobilization and *Christian Economics* is something of a mystery. Both display boards of directors composed of clerical leaders. The businessmen behind them do not show their hands. Fifield's journal, *Faith and Freedom,* has a distribution of over 100,000. In an appeal letter some years ago, Fifield acknowledged a budget of $270,000, and referred his prospective donors to E. T. Weir (National Steel) and J. Howard Pew (Sun Oil and Sun Shipbuilding) as references. The same J. Howard Pew gave *Christian Economics* a check for $50,000 to start it on its way. But nothing is known of the subsequent financing. While these movements are religious versions of such organizations as Merwin K. Hart's National Economic Council and Leonard Reed's Foundation for Economic Education, they usually avoid the virulence that characterizes the polemics of Hart.

Many Protestant leaders who have labored for decades in the social and ethical program of the old Federal Council of Churches have naturally become apprehensive upon the discovery that the chairman of the finance committee of the new National Council of Churches is the same J. Howard Pew who has been one of the angels of the subsidized movements designed to bring American Protestantism back to the uncritical individualism from which it extricated itself over a period of half a century. They wonder how it is possible for a man who has insisted upon social theories which stand in absolute contradiction to the work of the Federal Council so suddenly to occupy a seat of power in an organization that is supposed to continue the traditions of the council. If Mr. Pew agrees with *Christian Economics* that unemployment insurance is wrong because "Individuals with sensitive Christian consciences will organize private charity to take care of the needy," he certainly cannot agree with the social creed of the council.

The National Council

It must be explained that the new National Council of Churches has brought the old Federal Council, the International Council of Religious Edu-

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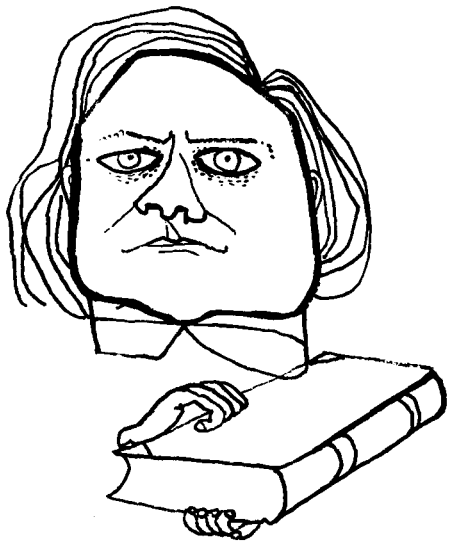
cation, the Home and Foreign Mission Councils, and other Protestant interdenominational agencies into one great super-organization. Two problems arise in such a new movement. The one is whether the sheer weight of organizational mechanism will not stifle some of the freedom that the several movements once had. This question is, to use the words of Santayana, whether "the harmony of the whole may not destroy the vitality of the parts." There has been some frustration on this score, which may, however, be overcome as the new council learns how to decentralize as well as to centralize authority.

The other problem is that of providing fuel for this vast machinery. The council has a budget of $4.5 million. That is considerably larger than the combined budgets of all the agencies that entered it. Mr. Pew, as chairman of the finance committee, is making valiant efforts to balance the budget. Recently he made an appeal to corporations for support of the council, in which he declared that over a thousand of them had placed the council on their contribution lists. He appealed for corporation gifts on two counts: the nondenominational character of the work, and the argument "that enterprises such as ours exist as long as there is a measure of freedom in the market place and freedom in the market place is only one of freedom's many parts." The logic is not altogether clear. But if anything is meant, it must be the idea that there must be an alliance between business and religion to overcome the threat of "statism."



Henry Ward Beecher

It is not suggested that Mr. Pew and his business friends can annul in a single stroke the history of fifty years. The clerical leadership of the National Council is highly respected in all circles. The Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church, Henry Knox Sherrill, is president of the council. Dr. Samuel M. Cavert, who, as it were, grew up with the Federal Council, is now general secretary of the National Council. Such men as Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam are in positions of leadership in it. It is impossible to believe that they would easily yield to any effort to turn the National Council into a kind of big brother of Spiritual Mobilization. Behind them are thousands of Christian leaders in the churches who fervently believe that the churches must have their own voice on questions of social justice and cannot simply sponsor the moral complacency of a segment of our business world.

But it is also difficult to believe that Mr. Pew has moved into his great organization without intending a basic alteration of its social orientation. It is therefore likely that some interesting history will be made during the coming months in American Protestantism's central sources of authority.

Where Income Taxes Are Public

GEORGE W. GROH

THIS YEAR a large staff of volunteer inspectors will check thousands of state income-tax returns in Wisconsin, but this activity will not represent a hasty cleanup drive staged by tax officials to meet charges of corruption. Since 1923 any private citizen has been authorized to inspect the state income-tax return of any other private citizen in Wisconsin, and each year a good many people avail themselves of the privilege.

Wisconsin's unique idea that income-tax returns are public business—no other state has a comparable statute—has not received much national publicity, perhaps because good government cannot compete with bad as news. But it would seem to merit the consideration of a nation that is plagued with tax scandals and ought to be eager for a cure.

High Cost of Privacy

Implicit in the Wisconsin system is the theory that fear of publicity discourages dishonesty and back-room deals with tax officials. The argument against the theory, of course, is the tradition that the size and nature of a man's income is his own business. The state legislature of Wisconsin seems to feel that the price of privacy can be too high.

The 1951 legislature, however, managed to square the principle of inspection with some important concessions to the advocates of privacy. The law, as now modified, requires a $1 fee for each return inspected. It renews a standing injunction against commercial use of the information obtained, and provides that a taxpayer must be notified within twenty-four hours not only that his return has been checked but also by whom. The last regulation, designed to discourage idle gossips, was largely responsible for the fact that the

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number of citizen inspections was about two thousand in the last six months of 1951, compared with fifteen thousand inspections for the same period in 1950.

The citizen who makes an inspection is not permitted to browse at will through the files. He must present his identification, ask by name and year for the return he wants to check, and give his reason for wanting to do so. He is entitled to the full file on size and source of income listed, exemptions claimed, and all information on delinquent actions or extra assessments, but the actual examination is done in the presence of a tax official.

The Debt-Ridden Senator

Advocates of the inspection principle, Wisconsin newspapers in particular, did not raise any serious objections to the new restrictive regulations. The law still gives them access to the kind of information that experience has proved vital to the public interest.

The current political literature of Wisconsin, for instance, would not be complete without the tax returns filed by Senator Joseph R. McCarthy. The outstanding item is the Senator's 1948 return, which revealed a $10,000 fee from the late Lustron Corporation for helping in the preparation of a pamphlet. That transaction, which would have been very difficult to document in any other state, was brought to public attention by the Milwaukee *Journal* and the Madison *Capital Times.*

McCarthy has had other difficulties with the system. His 1943 return was missing from the state files for three years. His returns for the years 1946 to 1949 inclusive listed gross income at $66,938 for the period but claimed a net loss for each year. McCarthy claimed that he had done poorly on the stock market. He also included a schedule of interest payments on loans, many of them to relatives, which amounted to $15,172.54 for the year 1949. McCarthy did not describe these in detail, but it is easy to see that if he borrowed money at four per cent for twelve months, his loans outstanding that year must have totaled around $375,000. Eventually, these returns were subject to several reaudits by the state Department of Taxation, and McCarthy had to pay nearly $3,000 in back taxes.

The tax irregularities of other public figures have been brought to light

Senator McCarthy

through public inspection. Representative Alvin O'Konski (R., of Mercer) was tagged for $1,732 back taxes on $28,285 of unreported income for the years 1942 to 1944, after an investigation that was pushed hard by the press. He admitted in the course of explaining his returns that he had padded and shuffled government payrolls for personal profit. O'Konski finally had to admit that he had paid the editor of a newspaper he owned with government checks for work that was entirely private, in order to pick up the unused portion of a secretarial allowance.

The Wealthy Governor

Opponents of inspection cite the case of another politician as evidence that the system can also be abused. Walter J. Kohler, a wealthy plumbing manufacturer, had to weather a personal attack when he ran for governor in 1950, not because there had been any irregularity in his returns, but simply because the income he declared was large. The *Capital Times* put Kohler's tax returns on the front page, branding him as "the millionaires' candidate," in what many regarded as an unfair attack. The paper pointed out that Kohler, as a stockholder, profited heavily from a three per cent tax ceiling on dividends, compared with seven per cent on personal income. Kohler, who was elected anyway, soon pushed through a law that wiped out his own favored position.

Business organizations such as Chambers of Commerce, along with a good many individuals, have opposed public inspection as a basic violation of the rights of privacy. The system, they contend, is an open invitation to malicious gossips, prospecting salesmen, businessmen checking up on competitors, and others who have no pretense to any but private interest. There is no accurate way to measure their activities, but even advocates of the system will concede that they have been considerable. The new registration fee and the provision that the investigator's name must be furnished to the taxpayer within twenty-four hours were designed to limit abuse of the rights of public inspection. But more stringent curbs were turned down by the 1951 legislature. The most important of those provisions would have banned publication of returns in newspapers except in cases declared fraudulent by the tax department. Wisconsin newspapers, especially the *Journal* and the *Capital Times,* managed to get that amendment killed before it reached the floor.

The AFL and CIO joined newspapers in protesting the publication ban included in various "anti-spy, anti-snooper" bills, and this provision died quickly in the legislature.

'A Public Matter'

Wisconsin is a Republican state, but it clings stubbornly to parts of the heritage from the old Progressive revolt. The inspection law is part of that heritage. It was passed in 1923 by a reluctant legislature, on the heels of a $3-million war-profits tax scandal. Governor John J. Blaine, a La Follette Progressive, "sold" the measure to the state by arguing that secrecy only protects the criminal and thereby penalizes the honest man.

Efforts to repeal the law began in 1933, and finally carried the legislature in 1943. Governor Walter S. Goodland vetoed the repeal bill with a stiff rebuke for its advocates. "Taxes are a public matter," he said, "and secrecy in government is a bad thing. No honest tax return need fear publicity. Only the return that evades the law needs the veil of secrecy to shut out from public view that which may be a fraud, a cheat, or even a mistake. If there were more publicity of the affairs of state, there would be fewer scandals."

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The Americans Who Won Russia's Heart

G. V. Fox

ESTHER M. DOUTY

STANDING on the soil of Russia, a group of American naval officers surrounded a young oak tree, and each silently plucked a leaf to carry home with him. The oak had sprouted from an acorn taken from the tree shading the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon. It had been planted years before, and was, in the words of the leader of the Americans, an indication of the "profound homage paid in Russia to the memory of the founder of our republic."

Perhaps the tree still stands, a forgotten witness to the day when Russia openly admired our freedoms and even strove to emulate them, for this was the year 1866, the scene was the grounds of Czar Alexander II's palace at Peterhof, and the American officers were part of Assistant Secretary of the Navy G. V. Fox's mission to Russia.

Russia had been the only European country that had taken an open stand on the Union's side during our Civil War. Russian diplomats had brought verbal encouragement to Washington, and two powerful Russian fleets had anchored off San Francisco and Boston,

Czar Alexander II

where they had been welcomed with much social fanfare.

In 1865, when Abraham Lincoln was murdered, Russian condolences were profound and sincere. For in that year the Russians had a leader whom they regarded as a Lincoln of their own, Czar Alexander II, who had emancipated twenty million serfs in 1861. He had also, after a few nudges from his subjects, decreed local self-government, trial by jury, freedom of the press, and abolition of punishment by the knout.

In April of 1866, Alexander was saved from a Nihilist's bullet by one of the serfs he had emancipated. William H. Seward, our Secretary of State, instructed our Minister to Russia to call on Alexander immediately and congratulate him and the Russian people. This gesture, however, wasn't enough for the impassioned Republican leaders of those days. Pennsylvania's Representative Thaddeus Stevens took the lead in getting Congress to pass an Act ordering a special envoy to present American congratulations and good wishes to the Czar.

The man chosen for the mission was Gustavus Vasa Fox, a forty-five-year-old former textile man of Lowell, Massachusetts, who, as Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the Civil War, had planned several brilliant operations, including the capture of New Orleans.

Fox accepted the assignment but insisted that he carry it out aboard a monitor. No ship of this type—which was at the time the newest U.S. contribution to naval design—had ever crossed the Atlantic. The monitor chosen was a two-turret vessel, the *Miantonomoh.* Two wooden men-of-war, the *Augusta* and *Ashuelot,* both side-wheel steamers, went along in the event that Fox's "floating gun-carriage" had trouble. The monitor, however, proved a steady traveler, and after ten days and fourteen hours docked in Britain, where Fox stayed only long enough to make a survey of current naval developments for his department.

Napoleon the Jaundiced

The vessels then steamed to France. There Fox was granted an interview with Napoleon III, who warned him: "Do not be too friendly with Russia. . . . Russia is for herself alone."

Ignoring this admonition, Fox and his mission departed for Helsingfors, Finland, aboard the *Miantonomoh* and the *Augusta.* (The *Ashuelot* had been separated from Fox's command to join our Asiatic Squadron.) At Helsingfors the group was welcomed to the Russian Empire by the governor, Baron Walleen, after which the two vessels steamed back into the Gulf of Finland, where they sighted the eleven Russian ironclads that were to escort them to the port of Kronstadt.

As the mission entered Kronstadt Harbor on the morning of August 3, its men saw wharves crowded with wildly cheering people. Somewhere a Russian band enthusiastically blared "Hail Columbia," which in those days shared honors with "The Star-Spangled Banner" as an unofficial anthem. The *Augusta* ran up the Russian ensign and fired a twenty-one-gun salute. A Russian ship returned the compliment.

As soon as the two U.S. vessels dropped anchor, a group of high officials, headed by Admiral Lessovsky, commander of the fleet that had visited San Francisco, came aboard to congratulate the Americans on their safe arrival. While the crowd still cheered on the dock, the admirals and the captains, the governor, and the mayor inspected the American ships in detail,

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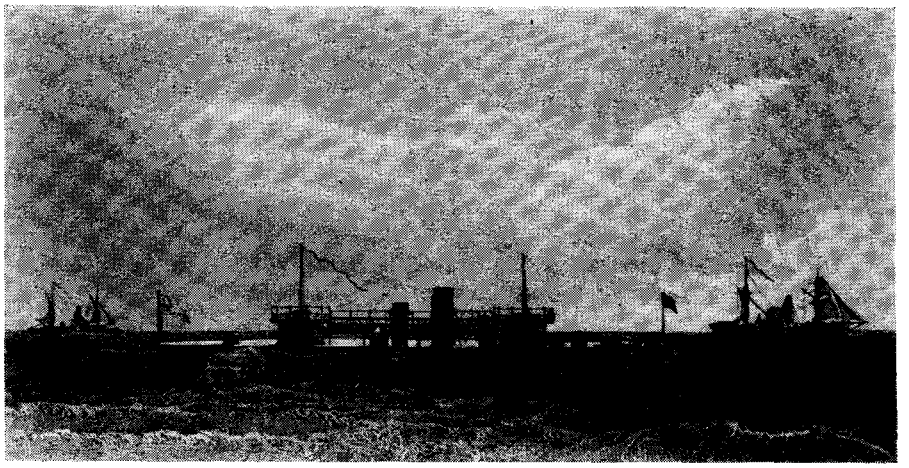

The *Ashuelot*, the *Miantonomoh*, and the *Augusta*

and observed a demonstration of the monitor's turret action with interest.

Tossing the Guests

Two days later the Americans left by train for Peterhof to present the Congressional resolution to the Czar. Fox's audience went well. "We thank God," Fox said, "that a grief like this [Lincoln's assassination] was spared our friends and allies—the Russian people." The Czar, whose words were translated by his chancellor, Prince Gorchakov, "rejoiced at the friendly relations existing between Russia and the United States and believed that the national fraternity would be perpetual."

The next day the Czar, his sons, his brother, and other royal personages boarded the *Miantonomoh*. All the royal guests examined the monitor critically. They then proceeded to the *Augusta,* which they scrutinized with equal care.

The Emperor's visit was the signal for an all-out splurge of Russian hospitality. That day the Kronstadt Naval Club gave a tremendous dinner in the mission's honor. Outside the clubhouse a great crowd had gathered. Inside, the walls were lined with portraits of Washington, Lincoln, President Andrew Johnson, and the Czar, together with intertwined Russian and American flags, all lavishly adorned with garlands and rich drapery. Long rows of tables, covered with the finest silverware and crystal, gleamed in the light of hundreds of candles. Two bands alternated Russian and American airs.

The dinner was long and elaborate, with interminable toasts to the perpetual friendship of both countries. When the last toast had been drunk, the enthusiastic Russians treated their guests to an ancient custom. They seized Fox and his officers and tossed them in the air from one to another. Commented Fox, "The sensation is anything but an agreeable one, but as it is considered a mark of honor of the highest character, it was submitted to with a good grace by all who were subjected to it."

Two days later the mission left to brave the festivities in St. Petersburg. Their first duty upon arriving in this huge, flat city was a complete tour in carriages furnished by the government. Evening brought a superb festival at the River Yacht Club. The Americans, surrounded by a squadron of boats belonging to club members, floated down the Neva to this event in a barge, while along the shore thousands of Russians shouted an exuberant welcome.

Mead for the Enlisted Men

On August 14, the city of Kronstadt gave a special banquet for the American crewmen of the *Miantonomoh* and the *Augusta,* who had remained there with their vessels. The 160 sailors were enthusiastically welcomed by a body of Russian tars, many of whom had picked up a fair amount of English while in San Francisco. The banquet was a simpler version of the affairs given to Fox himself, but the "Hail Columbia," the crossed flags, and the toasts of undying friendship were the same. The Americans had a wonderful time, although some grumbled because their Russian hosts complied with our Navy's edict against strong liquor and served only beer and mead.

Although it seemed at times as if every one of the eighty million citizens of the Russian Empire was determined to view the visiting Americans personally, many from the remote provinces contented themselves with sending enthusiastic messages.

One communication from the distant Ural country concluded, "In our land, rich by nature and peopled by various races, we are endeavoring to carry the light of civilization and of Christian instruction to the heathen. We supplicate the Almighty to help us —under the shadow of the blessing-bringing administration of our great Czar—to push forward the great project of melting together the men of other races with us Russians into one . . . belief in God, and love and boundless devotion to the reigning Czar and his imperial descendants."

The year being 1866 and not 1952, this message did not disturb Fox. If he were alive today, however, he might feel that this characteristically Russian belief in Russia's national mission had been transferred to other gods.

A Poem from Holmes

The banquets went on. At a feast given by the cream of St. Petersburg aristocracy, the Blagorodnoë Sobranie, or Good-Birth Society, Fox told the assembled nobles he had a surprise for them. Thereupon he read a poem written especially for the Russian visit by Oliver Wendell Holmes. The poem, strongly reminiscent of "Old Ironsides," concluded with:

A nation's love in tears and smiles
We bear across the sea;
O Neva of the hundred isles,
We moor our hearts in thee!

The nobles, without waiting for the verse to be translated, gave three rousing cheers for Holmes. When it was translated, the rapture of the listeners appeared to be boundless. So deafening was the applause that the translator was obliged to read it a second time, after which the company testified to its extreme pleasure and gratitude by tossing *him* in the air.

At midnight, when Fox bade his hosts farewell, almost everybody present accompanied him to his carriage. The band went along playing "Hail Columbia," great vases of colored fires blazed in the courtyard, and his entire

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road for miles was illuminated with colored lights.

On August 20, the Czar invited the mission to watch a review of the Imperial Guard. The Americans stood near the Emperor and the Empress as the forty thousand troops marched by with bands playing and colors flying. Each regiment cheered as it passed, and as the Cossacks of the Guard flashed past on the charge, the band played "Yankee Doodle."

On August 22, the Emperor again did the honors—this time with a great banquet and charity ball. Only one toast was offered during the evening. Holding his glass high, Alexander II said in French, "I drink to the prosperity of the United States of America and to the perpetuity of the friendly relations between the two countries."

Bread, Salt, Fish

The next day the mission left for Moscow, in special railway cars flashily draped with the American colors. Fox was kept busy at stations along the route leaping off the train to give and receive toasts and to wave to the cheering crowds. A deputation of peasants drove forty-five miles from Novgorod, Russia's oldest settlement, to honor the mission by presenting it with traditional symbols of Russian hospitality—bread, salt, and a live fish from the Volkhov.

After twenty hours, the train pulled into Moscow, where the mayor, Prince Stcherbatov, and numerous representatives resplendent with red, white, and blue ribbons greeted Fox in fluent English. As the group was driven to the Kokorev Hotel, across from the Kremlin, the route was lined with thousands of cheering Muscovites.

Once again the grand banquets began. The first one, given by Moscow's governor general, Prince Dolgoruki, at his residence, was elaborate even by Czarist standards. The tremendous staircase and the walls of the great dining hall were lined with footmen in scarlet liveries who stood like statues the whole evening.

Admiral Lessovsky

The toasts were long and impassioned. Our envoy, who heretofore had spoken with characteristic American simplicity, held aloft his sparkling glass and declared, "If the hearts of the Americans present could be uncovered, there would be found what I now behold, the flags of Russia and America intertwined. May these two flags in peaceful embrace be thus united forever." Everybody stood up and shouted. An echo came from the thousands jammed outside the building.

A few days later, at the estate of the fabulously wealthy Prince Golitsyn, the members of the mission received a visit from a group of emancipated serfs. To their leader, now the mayor of a village composed entirely of former serfs, Fox presented an American flag, saying, "Preserve it, that you the emancipated Russian peasants may recognize the emblem of a friendly nation that will always sympathize with the struggles of your class to place yourselves on a level with the benefits of civilization and freedom, conferred by your well-beloved sovereign."

Tears clouded the eyes of the older men as their leader replied, "Say to your countrymen that we esteem that friendship, and that, if misfortune menaces one of us, both peoples will be united against the enemy."

The peasants then marched away in procession, bearing the flag.

American Avenue

Returning to Moscow, Fox was invited to christen a new avenue in the suburbs. He called it American Avenue (Amerikanskaia), "a name which will commemorate forever the mission of peace in which [I] was the chief actor."

On August 29, the mission left Moscow for the Great Fair at Nizhni-Novgorod, the final point of the European railway system. Here the goods of Britain, France, and Germany were sold alongside the products of all the Asian countries, and the complexions, costumes, and languages of two continents appeared in its streets.

Prince Gorchakov

The Americans had only a few hours for browsing around the fair before they had to attend another tremendous banquet. This one was given by merchants of all nationalities—Russians, Persians, Tartars, Armenians, Caucasians, and Siberians. The president of the fair said: "In a few days the fair will close, and [the merchants] will carry home with them to every corner of Russia and Asia . . . the story of how Russians and Americans met and recognized each other as the best of friends. . . ."

The Americans became one of the star attractions at Nizhni-Novgorod. One enterprising merchant made card photographs of Fox and sold more than twenty thousand of them.

At last the Americans returned to St. Petersburg en route to their vessels at Kronstadt. At one of the final banquets, Prince Gorchakov, the sixty-eight-year-old chancellor of the Empire, uttered some words that would seem to be significant today:

"I rejoice at the presence of these gentlemen, for I believe Russia loses nothing by being looked at closely." He continued, "The United States of America are invulnerable at home. This state of things is founded not only on the fact that the rampart of ocean guarantees them against European complications, but upon the public spirit which rules them and upon the personal character of their citizens. America cannot experience any evil that she does not make for herself."

The good will engendered by the Fox mission did not disappear with the last skyrocket. In part, we owe to it Secretary Seward's purchase of Alaska, less than a year later, for $7.2 million.

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Pibul Songgram And the Dredge

ARCHIE ROBERTSON

WHEN I first saw Bangkok, in February, 1951, I found the other members of the United States Special Technical and Economic Mission (STEM) anxiously awaiting the delivery of some of the goods promised under our ECA agreement with Thailand. "Impact programs," to make a quick impression upon the people of Southeast Asia, were then the order of the day. But so far nothing had arrived. Meanwhile, growing numbers of American technicians were driving around Bangkok, feeling conspicuous in their big shiny cars, and living partly at the expense of the Thai government, which had advanced counterpart funds to the mission in anticipation of the promised shipments.

We hoped not only to make a quick "impact" but to assist in stabilizing the economy of the country. Since prewar days, Thailand had suffered an inflation of more than 1,000 per cent, with disastrous results to civil servants and other members of the middle class. Communist agents were active among the more than three million Chinese within the country. In the government real power was exercised by the heads of the different armed forces, all too often in violent disagreement among themselves.

As the spring went on, only driblets of American economic aid landed on the docks—cans of DDT for malaria control, vials of penicillin, secondhand jeeps and station wagons, and a couple of stump-pulling machines. As acting Information Officer of the mission, it was my job to display all of these as handsomely as possible. They were visited by the Prince Regent, photographed, and written up, sometimes in almost embarrassing detail. Blessings were pronounced by the Buddhist clergy—who do not bless the gift, but the act of giving. The Siamese, who are among the politest people on earth, never gave any hint of disappointment.

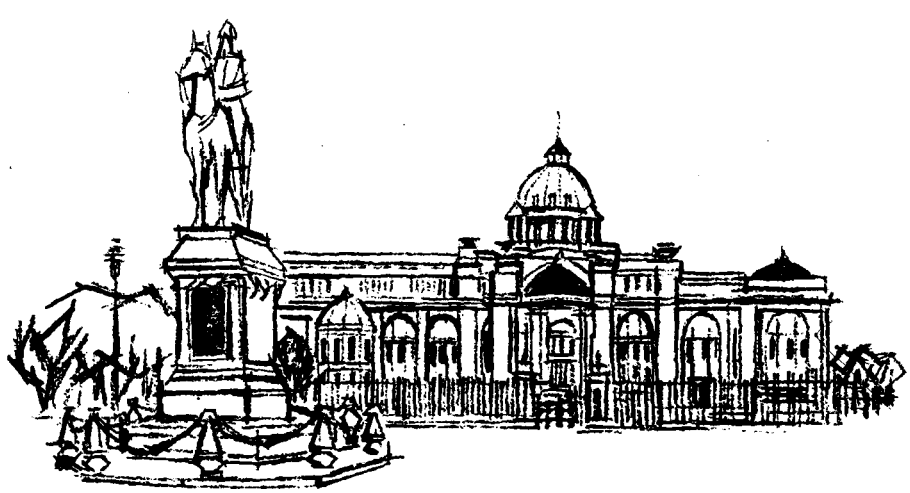
A Fabulous Dredge

Then word came that the ECA had purchased a large suction dredge, the *Manhattan,* with many years of service on American mudbanks with the Army Engineers, to send to Thailand. We felt that at last we had something. The total cost of the dredge, with her reconditioning and auxiliary equipment, would be $600,000. She was a real ship, 288 feet long, and her powerful suction pipes, as we glowingly described them, would make short work of the sand bar which for centuries had blocked entry of all but small vessels into Bangkok Harbor.

For months in advance, ECA information headquarters in Washington supplied us with handouts about the *Manhattan.* We had movies of her departure from Philadelphia, and radio reports of her slow, uneventful trip across the Pacific. These regularly made headlines. No trans-Pacific voyage since Magellan's seemed of comparable importance, and the Thai government joined with us in preparing a royal reception.

In the absence of the king, still at that time in Switzerland, the dredge would be moored for public inspection at the Royal Landing, the most sacred spot on the river, under the gleaming spires of the palace and the temple of the Emerald Buddha. Here we assembled samples of all the articles so far shipped by ECA, to emphasize various phases of our program. By this time there were DDT and spray guns, tractors, power shovels, road rollers, and a jeep-mounted drilling rig. This last device was intended to explore deposits of lignite, a low-grade coal which ECA hoped the Siamese would begin to use on their railroads and in industry to conserve their dwindling forests.

The ceremony of transferring the dredge to Thailand was set for June 29. A few days earlier, the dredge, her brightwork shining like new, had tied up at the landing ordinarily reserved



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for the use of His Majesty. Red carpets led to a gilded pavilion, where bunting and big signs proclaimed the epochal voyage of the *Manhattan*. I procured an engraved silver box in which the title to the ship would be placed. This would be handed by William T. Turner, U.S. chargé d'affaires, to Prime Minister-Field Marshal Pibul Songgram, in what we all thought would be the climax of the ceremony.

Immediately following the ceremony and for two days thereafter, the Bangkok public would be welcomed aboard the vessel. Every public-relations detail had been looked after. Red arrows directed the public up and down the ship. The American crew of the dredge would be given advice on visiting the more edifying sights of Bangkok. Over a weekend, the students of the University of Moral and Political Science volunteered to plaster the town with ten thousand blue-and-white posters inviting the people to come see the *Manhattan*. In the grammar schools, a Thai information assistant showed filmstrip pictures of the dredge; the curious students pressed forward to look in such numbers that they crushed the equipment.

The local Communists (who were Chinese rather than Thai) began to tear down our posters.

Dress Rehearsal

With American thoroughness, we planned a full-scale dress rehearsal on June 28, twenty-four hours before the ceremony. High brass of the Thai Navy, which had been placed in full charge of security arrangements, turned up for the occasion. They were fully informed of each detail—when the American flag would be lowered and the Thai flag raised over the dredge, where the Prime Minister would stand, when he would board the ship to place a good-luck wreath upon her prow. In case anyone's memory slipped, the program was printed in advance. No one was tactless enough to mention that the navy was said to be seething with unrest, sometimes attributed to Nai Pridi, chief political opponent of Pibul. The two men have alternated in power for years. At this point Nai Pridi had been exiled and was believed to be hiding either in Thailand or in some adjacent country.

On June 29, a tent was erected to shield the diplomatic corps and their ladies from the scorching sun. Another tent held seats for the yellow-robed Buddhist priests and gleaming altars at which they would chant blessings. A third tent contained refreshments for the guests.

The speeches were made, the silver box was accepted with a charming, judicious smile by Pibul Songgram. Our flag came down at the *Manhattan's* stern and that of Thailand went up, while the bands played. The yellow-robed priests chanted their prayers, and Prime Minister Pibul prostrated himself at their shrine. The white-robed Brahman priests—dignitaries who officiate whenever it is desired to invoke additional good fortune from the ancient, half-submerged Hindu tradition—also said their prayers. My two youngsters, who had sat quietly through the proceedings, were beginning to be restless for a chance to stretch their legs. Their opportunity came sooner than they had expected.

Pibul walked alongside the dredge to a rostrum set up at her bow. He dipped his thumb in holy oil and marked the bow of the ship with three dots in a triangle, a device invoking strong good fortune. Then he went up the gangplank to hang his good-luck floral wreath on the prow. As the rest of us waited on the dock, Chitr Jotiskara, a suave young Thai who worked in the information division of the mission, came toward us, saying calmly: "You had better get back to your cars, ladies and gentlemen, I'm afraid they are going to do something to the Prime Minister."

Mutiny on the *Manhattan*

He had noticed that while the crowd was watching the Prime Minister, the naval detachment on the pier had quietly fixed its bayonets and set up machine guns. Meanwhile, armed marines had boarded the ship, disarmed the Prime Minister's one-man bodyguard, and pointed tommy guns at him. With composure, Pibul walked down the gangplank, a gun at his back, and stepped into a landing craft moored astern. From the windows of our waiting car I saw the victorious navy also collect the trays of whiskey and food from the refreshment tent. Then the LCT started upstream, with the Prime Minister smiling and erect. He waved once to the silent crowd as the LCT passed the dock on its way to the Thai warships anchored half a mile distant.

That evening, in the twilight outside the ECA office building, members of the mission and their families gathered to listen to car radios. The mission drivers interpreted for us the announcements of rival radio stations. The navy station announced that a "committee of national liberation" had been formed, and made charges of governmental corruption, which usually can be done with some validity in Thailand.

The air force, army, and police remained loyal to Pibul, and their spokesmen replied with vigor, threatening to bomb the ships. "Then you will be forced to jump and swim like frightened frogs!" said the air-force radio.

The navy's headquarters were across the river from Bangkok proper in the old town of Thonburi. During the night, shelling and bombing began, while telephone conversations continued between the rival forces. It was later officially reported that in the course of two nights and one day, eleven hundred people had been wounded and sixty-eight killed, many by stray bullets. The marksmanship on both sides was wretched. A shot went through the wall just over the head of chargé d'affaires Turner as he sat at his desk in the Embassy.

The Prime Minister was held captive on board the gunboat *Sri Ayuthia*,

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a shell fragment passed through his bunk, but he was not in it at the time. On the second night of the revolt the ship began to list badly, and it was apparent that she would soon sink. The captive Premier, who by this time had fully established moral supremacy over the commander and crew, gave the order to abandon ship. All hands accordingly jumped overboard, and the agile Pibul swam to the navy shore. An admiral, not among those in active revolt, met him and sent him back safely to the army-held side. Shooting, with intervals for bargaining on the surrender of navy-held strong points, continued through the night, but on Sunday the city returned to its usual quietness.

The Eighth Coup

The attempted coup, which might have succeeded had the entire navy joined in, was the eighth since parliamentary government was first established in Thailand in 1932. It was never fully determined what lay behind it. There was no indication of overt Communist participation beyond the fact that the Communists obviously welcome any action that weakens the country.

Field Marshal Pibul is a veteran politician of moderately conservative views. He had been Prime Minister under the Japanese hegemony, and in that capacity made a declaration of war against the United States and Great Britain (which the United States had wisely ignored). After the war, he had been returned to power by a military *coup d'état*, and afterward sponsored a revised Constitution that somewhat broadened the base of popular government.

The original Constitution of 1932 had provided for one Chamber, half of its members to be appointed by the king and half of them to be elected. The new Constitution established a Senate, wholly appointed, and a House of Representatives, wholly elected.

Dozens of political parties sprang up, none, however, representing any substantial number of voters. Most of Thailand's eighteen millions live among the rice paddies, cannot read or write, and are satisfied to leave matters spiritual and political to Buddha and the king.

Business as Usual

Americans are popular in Thailand. During the revolt, radio spokesmen for both sides expressed regret that the disturbance had begun during a ceremony hailing American aid. In following months the ECA emblem, cut from leaflets, appeared on the windshields of city buses and private cars.

It was generally thought, however, that the dredge *Manhattan* had now received enough publicity. The mission went about its business of fighting malaria and other diseases, testing more than 120,000 different heads of rice, and obtaining generators and other needed supplies. The Thai government continued to work in its own way, which to Americans often seems strange but is by no means wholly ineffective or ridiculous. The Prime Minister, none the worse for his midnight swim, gave a big party, featuring classical dancing, for members of STEM.

The undamaged dredge, with a Thai crew aboard, went to work on the sand bar. ECA rollers and Diesel-powered shovels went to work on the roads, which sadly needed their ministrations. A total of eight million tablets of Aralen—a drug useful in the prevention and treatment of malaria—arrived. A coal-burning locomotive, a novel sight in Thailand, made a successful run using lignite. More than sixty American technical assistants came over, and a slightly larger number of Thai technical people were sent to America. Thus the affair of June 29 had little or no effect on the total program of economic development that Thailand is undertaking with the help of the United States and various United Nations agencies.

But the *Manhattan* incident had its aftermath—or would "impact" be the right word? During the summer, the navy, which with its marines had previously been the strongest branch of the nation's armed forces, was cut down to boy's size. A delicate balance that—up to a point—had helped to keep the peace within the government was destroyed. The fleet air arm was given to the air force. Thousands of sailors and marines were sent home upon expiration of their enlistments with a reported five baht—about twenty-five cents—for a bonus and travel money. And a good share of the coast guard was turned over to the police.

Soon after the failure of the navy coup, the commander of the nation's police, General Phao, began to gain political stature. At a large encampment, thousands of policemen were trained in modern warfare. With their goose step, handed down by previous German instructors, the police now began to appear in larger numbers throughout the country—a very smart-looking body of men.

Meanwhile in the Senate, the Government of Pibul was heckled repeatedly about June 29. The Prime Minister acknowledged that corruption had been one of the contributing causes. The Senators—many of them appointed from the ranks of the Opposition—asked embarrassing questions about corruption, about opium, and other matters. Their criticisms were reported in the press. The coun-

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try almost seemed to hold its breath until the expected arrival of the king early in December.

On the night of November 29, I was dining with my family at the home of Thai friends. Before dinner, the radio announced another *coup d'état*. General Phao, head of the police, his father-in-law General Phin of the army, and leaders of the reformed navy and the air force had formed a committee to take over the Government "in order to end corruption and safeguard against Communism." The city was quiet, and the dinner party went on as scheduled, except that the children were sent home a bit earlier than usual.

Before midnight, other events were announced. The new Government returned Premier Pibul to office. The Constitution, however, was switched back to the unicameral version of 1932, abolishing the troublesome Senate. Men sympathetic to the military clique were appointed to fill half of the seats in the House of Representatives; elections for the remaining seats were promised. Press censorship was instituted. The king, on his return to the country with his queen and baby daughter, confirmed the switch in Constitutions, and press censorship was lifted.

The Bamboo Privy

Also in the first week of December, the Constitution Day Fair in Bangkok, greatest fair in a nation that is crazy about fairs, opened on schedule. The mission had another display, without a blast of trumpets. Among our exhibits was a bamboo privy that our sanitary engineer had persuaded a Thai farmer to build at a total cost, excluding labor, of about a dollar and a half. The shift in emphasis from the big, gaudy *Manhattan* celebration to the humble outhouse display symbolized a change that had been taking place in our own concepts. Our impact on Thailand would be a long-range business, depending for its ultimate success less on dollars and bigness than on tactful co-operation and hard work. Governments would continue to change, for better or for worse. In Southeast Asia, improvement in public health, in education, in all the social services, and in economic development must precede the establishment of stable political democracy.

The U.S. Budget As Living Literature

J. K. GALBRAITH

The Budget of the United States Government for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1953. *U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington, 1952. 81 plus 13 plus 1,222 pp. $5.75.*

THE BUDGET of the United States government is about the same shape, thickness, and color as the Boston Telephone Directory, and on the whole it is more readable. This is not, one can happily report, because the authors have made any concessions to the new fashion in government prose—a fashion which requires that any reference to national policy, and especially to national security, be couched in the breathless equivalent of a Gabriel Heatter broadcast. Thus, in his most recent report to the President, Charles E. Wilson (whose prose is probably quite unpurple when left alone) manages in the first two sentences to allude to "America's military might," "a mighty America," "achievements" that have been "tremendous," and also to an "intensive effort" and to the "road to peace."

By contrast, in the present volume the opening gambit of the budget officers of the Department of Defense in telling of their financial needs is as follows: "The Armed Forces of the United States are continuing active military operations in Korea during the fiscal year 1952." The Department of Agriculture is equally restrained and somewhat less grammatical; "The Department seeks to contribute to the welfare and growth of the Nation by aiding in the progressive development of our agriculture." This is the proper language of democracy and Washington should stick with it. Those government writers who have an uncontrollable desire to be more dramatic can get jobs with The March of Time.

For all its matter-of-fact style, the Budget is a portentous document. No other annual release by the government gives as much information on the state of the public business, past and prospective, and the public business is now a strikingly large proportion of all business. However, this more cosmic information, to which I shall return presently, occupies only a small part of the total volume—it can all be gleaned from what is summarized by the President in his Budget Message, which comprises the first eighty-odd pages.

Cashiered Cadets

The rest of the Budget is an enormously and not always fascinatingly detailed outline of the incredibly varied activities of the government of the United States. It can be learned from a scrutiny of these pages, for example, that the Army has a small appropriation ($3,750) for paying the debts to the Academy of cadets who are fired out of West Point during their first year. Also that the Department of the Interior last year spent eleven dollars and this year is spending $4,454 on estimates of the cost of developing a monument called the Jefferson National Expansion Memorial. (It is nowhere made clear whether the word "Expansion" modifies Jefferson, the Memorial, or the Nation.) Also, that the Treasury is making a tidy $57.5 million on "seigniorage" this year, and expects to make $82.5 million next year, all of which

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will lead hard-money men to suppose that the government, having practiced every other form of monetary outrage, is now going in for coin clipping on a large scale. Also that $7.2 million was donated last year to the Treasury "Conscience Fund," it being a year of singularly bad and strikingly solvent consciences. Only $929,010 is expected for this fund during the present fiscal year, and only $929,010 during the twelve months ending a year from next June. The Treasury is certainly to be congratulated on its ability to make such precise estimates.

Further, but by no means finally, it can be learned from these pages that the President spent $37,131 on travel last year; expects to spend $40,000 this year and the same next year. He is also requesting Congress to appropriate $40,000 to prepare a set of drawings for the archives showing just what was done by way of rebuilding the White House, which, it is thought, will be "of great use to succeeding generations in making repairs, adjustments, replacements and improvements to the Executive Mansion." Apparently this venerable building is to find no peace; it is to be built and rebuilt throughout all time.

Padded Pentagonians

There is a popular superstition that the Budget also details all of the wasteful activities of the Federal government. According to this myth, which undoubtedly owes something to the wayward political science of the Honorable John Taber (R., New York), it remains only for a determined man to arm himself with a cleaver, a meat-ax, or some other symbolical weapon, and hack out all the costly nonsense it contains.

Unhappily, it isn't so. The United States government is an enormously wasteful enterprise, but as a guide to such waste the Budget is nearly useless. Waste in government consists of comfortably and uncomfortably unemployed men in the Pentagon talking to their twice-unemployed secretaries or trying to avoid doing so. It consists also of payments to farmers for soil-improving practices that they would undertake anyway, or to airlines to develop routes over which little mail and not much else is carried. It finances travel which seems important only to the traveler, if to him, and it takes a thousand other forms. None of this is identified by the Budget; all of it is disguised in the estimates of the cost of rendering services or performing functions—defending the country, conserving its soil, developing its communications—which are impeccable. Good managers in the Executive, equipped with a genuine desire to save money, can eliminate waste. It is a nice point whether budget cutters can do much about it at all. If they are going to cut, they must be ready to cut functions, and for these a good case can invariably be made.

Where Does It All Go?

In the fiscal year beginning next July 1 and ending twelve months later, the government is scheduled to spend $85.4 billion, of which $51.2 billions will go directly for the defense establishments and $65.1 billion, or all but about $20 billion of the total, will go either for defense or such related props to national security as the development of atomic energy, the foreign-aid programs, and the development of the merchant marine. To cover these expenditures, a total of $71 billion in tax revenues is in sight.

The citizen has two nearly automatic reactions to these sums—the first is to their awesome magnitude as such and the second is to the size of the gap between revenues and prospective expenditures. It is a reasonably safe guess that it is the deficit that will attract the most attention. Republican orators will hardly allow the public to forget it in an election year, and even without their assistance it would be observed that the deficit is almost half again as great as the total expenditures in the prewar Roosevelt budgets. Doubtless there are some who still remember these budgets for their unparalleled prodigality.

The prospective deficit is a serious matter, although the size of the budget —the expenditures and the tax bill—is almost certainly more important. For one thing, the estimate of the prospective deficit is a notably unreliable statistic. In recent times it has rarely been within billions of dollars of the actual figure.

It is not even clear that this estimate should be regarded as a serious forecast at all. The Treasury, which makes the estimates of future revenues, must plan for a period that will not begin for six months or end for eighteen. The basis for any estimate of tax revenues is a forecast of national income, but it would be tactless for the Treasury, even though it thought there might be a depression and a sharp drop in national income, to make official such a dreary assumption. Equally it cannot forecast an inflation with a sharp increase in national income. This also would confess a lack of confidence in Administration policy. And the rise in revenue that would accompany such an increase in national income might keep Congress from increasing taxes and thereby restraining the inflation in the first place.

Juggling the Figures

The solution which the Treasury has adopted, as far as the outsider can tell, is simply to fix upon a level of national income which the Administration would regard as ideal (or at least as highly convenient) and to calculate tax yields on this basis. In the early depression years, the Administration desperately wanted national income to rise. Tax estimates were based on this hope, and they far exceeded what was ultimately collected. In the last ten years, the Treasury forecasts have, as regularly, been based on the hope that prices wouldn't rise too much—that inflation was over or under control. It has also wanted to encourage tax increases or discourage tax reductions. As a result, tax revenues have been regularly underestimated by a wide margin.

Moreover, the budget deficit is not the significant figure on the effect of government financial operations on the economy. The interesting figure here is the total of what the government is taking in as compared with what it is paying out. Social-security accounts, where income is regularly in excess of outgo and especially so in prosperous years, are not part of the Budget. Thus during the present fiscal year there will be a net accumulation of $645 million in the Unemployment Insurance account (the excess of payroll taxes over payments) and of more than $3 billion in the Old Age and Survivors, Railroad and Federal Employees Retirement Funds.

A budget deficit of $8.2 billion is now forecast for this fiscal year (it will certainly be less), but even on the official calculations the effective or cash deficit will be only about half this amount.

In his budget message the President made a somewhat unconvincing re-

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quest for new taxes to cover the prospective deficit in 1952-1953, and the suggestion met with a singular lack of enthusiasm not only among his Republican admirers but in his own party as well. A good case could be made for a new tax bill. The last one failed to close some egregious loopholes and opened some new avenues by which mineral and livestock producers are enabled to shift their tax burden to those who cannot exploit the magic of low capital-gains rates and percentage-depletion allowances. While it would certainly also be safer to have more revenue in prospect, the prospective deficit is not so critical as it appears at first glance.

A Force for Unity

The size of the present Budget, by contrast, is a great and overpowering fact. During the present fiscal year it will be almost half again as great as the total dollar value of national income in 1932, and expenditures will come to about twenty-five per cent of current national income. Next year they will be an estimated twenty-nine per cent.

From one point of view there is comfort in these figures. These expenditures are certain, and because they are subject to none of the vagaries that have made speculation on the course of the business cycle temporarily obsolete, they largely eliminate the danger of any important drop in American business activity.

There is also comfort in the fact that, however painful the process of diverting so many resources to government, no one in the United States will starve as a result. On the other hand, government expenditures in 1952-1953 will clearly be getting close to the point where they pose a choice between taxation that, because of the sheer size of the bite, is both painful and technically difficult to administer, and inflationary tensions which are undeniably dangerous. There was a happy day when liberals could scoff at conservative fears about spending and taxation that was reaching the "breaking point." And the magnitudes once pictured as insufferable were, in fact, ludicrously small. Doubtless there is still room for maneuver but it is getting smaller. The Budget, in other words, has become a force for national unity. Most people can agree that the sooner it can safely be reduced the better.

The Big Florida Book Bubble

The excellent trade magazine Publishers' Weekly *not only provides an invaluable listing of books that are about to be published but also does a good job of reporting on the literary scene in America. The following item, which we reprint in its entirety from* Publishers' Weekly *of January 19, 1952, suggests a great deal, we believe, about the loveless affair that has been going on between commercialization and literature. We quote:*

FLORIDA bookstores toted up excellent sales of Theodore Pratt's books, all because of Mr. Pratt's initiative in mapping out a promotion campaign in connection with the release of the movie based on his book, "The Barefoot Mailman." Last summer Mr. Pratt proposed to Columbia Pictures that "we co-operate in promoting the film and the book. Columbia agreed to do this, and that co-operation has worked out in astonishing fashion. I believe it to be one of the few times that a film company and the original author of a novel have worked so closely together to promote not only the film and the book made from it, but another novel by the author issued at about the same time."

Columbia Pictures sent Jerome Courtland, who plays the title rôle in the film, to Florida to help Mr. Pratt. Previous to this, Mr. Pratt had made a five-minute tape recording of his opinion of the film, which was favorable, and in the recording he was allowed to mention his most recent book, "The Big Bubble" (*Duell, Sloan & Pearce*). The tape recording is being used all over the country at first runs of the film. In return for this favor, Mr. Pratt made mention of the motion picture in all radio, TV and newspaper interviews.

The world premiere of the motion picture was held at five theaters in the Miami-Palm Beach (Florida) area. Jerry Courtland and Mr. Pratt appeared together on a split-minute police-escorted schedule at all the theaters. "I appeared first," says Mr. Pratt, "carrying a copy of 'The Big Bubble' under my arm. When the master of ceremonies asked about my books and came to the one I carried I announced that by 'pure chance' I happened to have a copy with me.

"The book was described, and then I presented it to Jerry Courtland, who waved it before the audience all during the rest of his appearance."

Before and after these appearances Jerry Courtland visited bookstores with Mr. Pratt. At Halsey & Griffith in West Palm Beach they signed copies of Mr. Pratt's trilogy, "The Barefoot Mailman," "The Flame Tree" and "The Big Bubble" for an hour and a half. Several hundred books were sold. At Gaul's in Fort Lauderdale, the two were literally mobbed, "the crowd pushing in at us so closely that we could barely apply pen to book." At Burdine's book department in Miami about as many copies were sold of the two earlier books as of the newest one.

"I am sure Columbia's generous inclusion of this author in their promotion has sold hundreds of extra books for me and will sell hundreds more because of the enormous promotion." Columbia arranged for Mr. Pratt to review the movie for the Miami *Daily News*, and this gave him an oportunity to mention his new book, "The Big Bubble," as well as the book on which the film is based.

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Prisoners as Journalists: The Penitentiary Press

LOUIS MESSOLONGHITES

Tom Runyon, who has recently become one of my favorite authors, writes a regular column called "Leaves from a Lifer's Notebook" for the small but lively magazine of which he is the editor and driving force. The name of the magazine is the *Presidio,* and it is put out by the inmates of the Iowa State Penitentiary at Fort Madison, where Runyon is serving a life sentence.

In his column, Runyon, who never went beyond the seventh grade, deals humorously and philosophically with subjects that appeal to outsiders as well as to his fellow prisoners. "As Spring shimmers into Summer," he once wrote, "many groups of children —often whole schools—visit the prison. Obviously, touring prison is a lark to them; something like visiting a zoo, only less interesting. No doubt the adults in charge feel the children are benefited by the visit—perhaps warned against future misbehavior—but I doubt it very much." Shortly afterward, the Iowa State Penitentiary stopped the visits of schoolchildren, a tribute to the power of the penal press.

Runyon has also expressed himself eloquently on the subject that interests men behind bars more than anything else: getting out. "I'd like to awake once more in a bedroom where the door swings instead of slides," Runyon wrote, "and with any key hanging on my side. I'd like to awake to the crow of a rooster or the bray of an alarm clock. . . . I'd like to meet a woman, once more, who would have no occasion to feel even a little uneasy because I wear a number and so am one of those vaguely frightening things —a convict."

Bank Ads

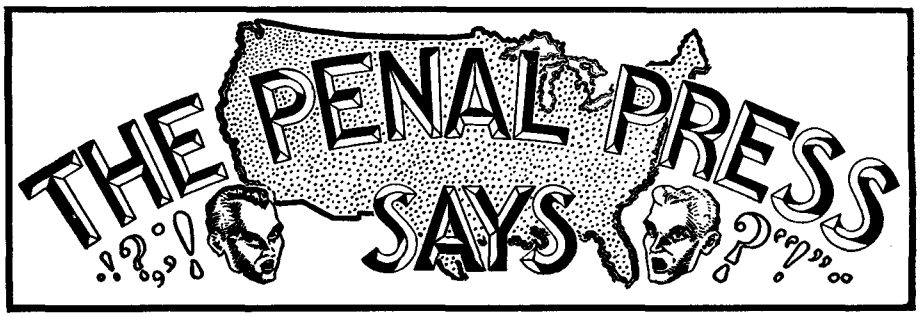
I first ran across Runyon while making an informal survey of the hundred-odd newspapers and magazines put out by the inmates of American prisons. They vary, I discovered, just about as widely as the convicts themselves do. In format and typography, prison periodicals range from the *Clock,* a poorly mimeographed monthly distributed at the Idaho State Penitentiary, to the *Atlantian,* a handsome quarterly known as "the *Fortune* of the penal press," which is published at the Atlanta Penitentiary. Several prison papers carry advertisements. Banks, for some reason, place institutional ads in two local prison publications, and Montgomery Ward advertises regularly in Oregon's *Shadows.* Nearly all are distributed free to the inmates, but Runyon's magazine, the *Presidio,* has a paid outside circulation of more than one thousand. A plumbing jobber in southern Iowa sends one hundred copies to his "preferred" customers.

The *Presidio, Shadows,* and the *Atlantian* have real literary merit by any standards. The *Atlantian,* the most elaborate of the prison publications, endorses the "American Creed," which it defines as "a liberal capitalistic society, free speech and civil liberties, baked potatoes and prophylaxis, Harry S. Truman and Harry S. Truman Jones." In recent issues the *Atlantian* has published articles on slang, personal loyalty, the penitentiary's greenhouse, what to see in Washington, a satire on the making of Western films, and a well-knit story with a religious theme, "The Miracle of the Cells," which won first prize in the American Prison Association's Prize Essay Contest. In 1950 the *Atlantian* announced with pride that Atlanta was the first prison in the United States to offer the Dale Carnegie Course in Effective Speaking, Leadership, Training, and Human Relations. Thirty men were graduated from this course in one month.

Persistent Penmanship

Statistics which I have been able to gather on 142 prison editors indicate that forgers are, just as you might expect, people who like to write. Twenty-six of the penal writers about whom I have been able to get information are serving time for forgery, which is the outstanding crime among prison journalists. One of these men wrote to me that he was given a sentence of twenty-five years as "an award for persistent penmanship." Another forger is an ordained minister with a degree in theology. After forgery the commonest offense of prison journalists is robbery, followed by murder, parole violation, rape, carrying a pistol, felonious assault and attempted burglary, bigamy (one editor serving time for this charge is a woman), and embezzlement.

Aside from getting out of prison, some of the auxiliary subjects in prison



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papers are rehabilitation, the parole system, the evils of alcohol, and the fight against atheism. In this last connection the Folsom, California, *Observer* reports that an inmate there is memorizing the New Testament and has already learned two-thirds of it, or more than 120,000 words. One day in the prison chapel, he recited from memory the complete Book of John, 19,099 words.

The vicarious war against drink has intensified since the founding of the first prison chapter of Alcoholics Anonymous at San Quentin in 1942. Today there are A.A. chapters in most of the major prisons, and many of the periodicals allot a full page to A.A. activities. Prison papers also crusade against Communism and the evils of detainers. (A detainer is a warrant for another crime—known intramurally as "Hold that man!"—authorizing continuation of the prisoner in custody.) Several of the magazines have recently been promoting Gallon Member clubs for blood donors, as they did in the Second World War. In Missouri, a new law allows inmates fifteen days' extra "good time" for each pint of blood they donate.

Social Notes

Shirts in prison population, a universal feature of the penal press, are presented with something like the pride of a Chamber of Commerce reporting on municipal growth. "Stirtistics" headlines the box of prison population figures on page one of the *Spectator*, at the State Prison of Southern Michigan. "Con-census" appears regularly in the *Clock* at Idaho. *The Spectator* is the best of prison newspapers, as distinguished from magazines.

"Yard" news and local sports coverage rate a good deal of space. The *Monthly Record* at Connecticut reports that one inmate there is taking a correspondence course in umpiring.

Scattered through penal periodicals are familiar features like book reviews, puzzles, and quizzes. The Washington State Penitentiary's *Outlook* has a radio column that bears the influence of *Variety's* staccato prose. The *Howard Times*, of Rhode Island, devotes one of its four pages to chess and contract-bridge instructions.

In progressive institutions, censorship is rarely employed on abstract topics. The editors may criticize policy but not individuals. However, *Shadows* lit into an Oregon state representative in a dispute over the parole board's powers. The opinions of such men, said *Shadows*, "are made inconsequential by the very nature of their trade: a poultry farmer, to illustrate the point over-harshly, can under no circumstances be expected to look upon a chicken-hawk with an objective eye." Of the publications I have examined, only one, Nebraska's *Forum*, had been censored with scissors.

Shadows, in a forthright editorial, took issue with a proposal to give officers of the law cash rewards for arresting gamblers: "If payment of $100, say, is a worthwhile reward for detecting a gambler and laying him by the heels, then payment of $110 is surely a still more worthwhile reward for going temporarily blind—a mathematical formula apparent to all gamblers, and a physiological achievement well within the power of practically any cop."

Leaves from a Lifer's Notebook

by Tom Runyon

Prominent Prisoners

The first American penal publication was the *Summary*, established at Elmira Reformatory, New York, on November 29, 1883. In the next few years the state reformatories of Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, and Indiana followed suit. In 1899, the *Star of Hope*, a biweekly magazine that continued until 1922, appeared at Sing Sing. Between 1920 and 1935, the period of biggest growth, sixty-odd publications were begun.

O. Henry, who served a sentence for embezzlement at the Ohio Penitentiary under his own name, William Sydney Porter, was the first prominent American writer to develop his talent in prison. Among other illustrious convict authors was Robert Tasker, who twenty-five years ago chronicled his crimes for H. L. Mencken's *American Mercury*. Ernest Booth, another Mencken discovery, did time at both Folsom and San Quentin. Another Pacific Coast prisoner, Fred Peters, edited *Island Lantern* at McNeil Island Penitentiary during the 1920's. "Peters belongs among the prison editor immortals on one count at least," Austin H. MacCormick, a distinguished penologist, told me. "He is without question the only man that ever published an American prison paper in French. When the International Penal and Penitentiary Congress met in Prague in 1930, Peters, by a master stroke of conniving, had five hundred copies of the *Island Lantern* printed in French on rag paper, and got them delivered to the Congress delegates in Prague. I think they went over in diplomatic pouches, but don't ask me how he worked it."

They Knew It Was Loaded

Prison papers like to parade the names of eminent prisoners, including Moses, Garibaldi, O. Henry, Roger Bacon, François Villon, John Bunyan, and Theodore Bilbo, the late Senator from Mississippi.

Tom Runyon is more skeptical about the company he keeps. "After listening to conversations for 13½ years," he wrote in his column some time ago, "I've decided there are approximately 37 men who got themselves in here entirely because of their own fault—37 who accept sole responsibility for their own troubles without bothering to rationalize or alibi or accuse.

"In their cases the girl did not have her mother's shoes on; the horse did not follow them home; no mysterious stranger asked them to hold the loot—they knew the gun was loaded all the time.

"They were neither coaxed, lured, beguiled, bullied nor betrayed; neither squeaked, squealed or sung on—if someone talked too much it was themselves."

Runyon, like all good journalists in and out of prison, seems to have a healthy fondness for plain speaking.

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'Rasho-Mon'

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

THE LAST TIME I heard Japanese spoken in a film, we—vicariously with American soldiers—were in a forest, and the Japanese were up in the trees, swinging from branch to branch by their tails. As regards language, they chattered. That was in a film about the war and at the time no useful purpose could be served in allowing Americans to form the impression that Japanese could be human beings, equipped, as such, with adequate means for expressing wide degrees of thought and emotion. So the opening scene of "Rasho-Mon," a new Japanese film with English subtitles, came as a surprise. For here were a Japanese woodsman, a priest, and a thief talking quietly about a dreadful thing that had occurred, or silently staring at a rain falling, twelve centuries ago, on the ruined gateway to a ruined Japanese city. It did not seem to me that the sounds they made were inhuman, or that the personages themselves were peculiarly alien.

The Crime

"Rasho-Mon" means "in the forest," and a Japanese lady of the eighth century did not seem alien in an alien forest, but only beautiful as she advanced, with her husband walking beside her horse, through the woods, and the light filtered down through the leaves. And the bandit asleep in the forest, then wakening to see the lady pass, could have wakened in any American forest to be seized by the same desire. The Japanese police court would have seemed alien, but it is not shown us: We are the court before which the witnesses appear to account for the death of the lady's husband.

The bandit testifies: He had been asleep; a cool breeze roused him in time to see the lady. He had not meant to kill; he desired the lady; he bound her husband to a tree; the lady defended her virtue—but in the end she consented. After possessing her, he had freed the husband and fought him on even terms. He had been chivalrous. What woman could resist his manhood, what offended husband his skill at arms? (In the flashback in the forest, after the lady's dishonor, the curved swords flash in the sunlight. The husband is valiant to the end; then there is no more desire, but only silence, under the elms.)

The lady testifies: She was overpowered; she never gave consent. Afterward, in misery and shame, she approached her husband, bound to his tree, sought understanding, found contempt. Outraged, she came close to him. In her hand was the dagger with which she had attempted to hold off the bandit. She approached her husband and fainted. When she revived, she saw the dagger in his heart. (In the flashback, she stands there with the dagger pointed; the bandit has gone; husband and wife face each other.)

A medium stands before the court, whirls, is possessed by the spirit of the dead. Through the medium, the husband testifies: No, his wife was not overpowered; she consented. The beast answered to the beast before his eyes. Then the bandit loosed his bonds. He was alone, but it had seemed to him that someone, a man close by, was sobbing alone in the forest, a man dishonored. His wife's dagger lay on the ground. He had picked it up. (In the flashback, from some distance, you see the husband in the clearing of the forest and then his sudden, decisive gesture.)

A woodsman who saw it all tells his story: The lady indeed consented; the husband indeed was pitiless. Such a wife, the husband told the bandit, was not worth fighting over. "Take her with you," he said. But the bandit preferred traveling about his business unaccompanied. Then, raging, the lady had called them cowards, both of them. So they fought—the bandit for his reputation as a bandit, the husband for honor. The bandit was a coward. Huffing and puffing, shaking with fear, he killed the husband, who had been accidentally disarmed. (In the flashback, the scene is one of grotesque comedy, the combatants keep tripping and falling; the bandit is chased all over the place; one expects a Keystone cop, but there is death here all the same, coming without dignity, removing, as death sometimes does, all dignity from the dying.)

But the woodsman's account, though that of an eyewitness, is suspect too, for the dagger in the lady's and husband's stories has vanished. The woodsman may be a thief. We never know how the husband died. "Rasho-Mon" is no neatly fitting detective story, but a dark exploration into human behavior.

Universally Understandable

Within the limits of the possible, man will distort the truth to serve his self-esteem. This observation, familiar to western moralists, is illustrated in "Rasho-Mon" with fine photography, a musical score in which, surprisingly, the structure of Ravel's *Bolero* is followed for a long sequence, together with acting that succeeds in making these faraway figures—in time and space—universally understandable.

"Rasho-Mon" won the grand prize last fall at the Venice Film Festival: the National Board of Review named it the best foreign film of the year; in the *New Yorker* listing it does not even rate the heavy type accorded "Films of more than routine interest"—such as, currently, Mr. De Mille's "The Greatest Show on Earth."

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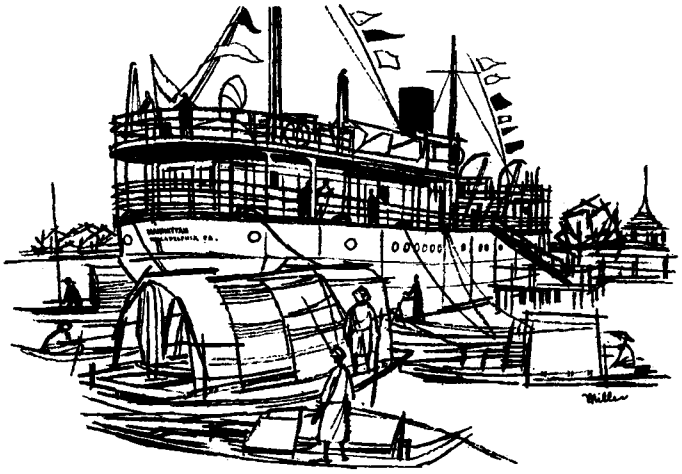
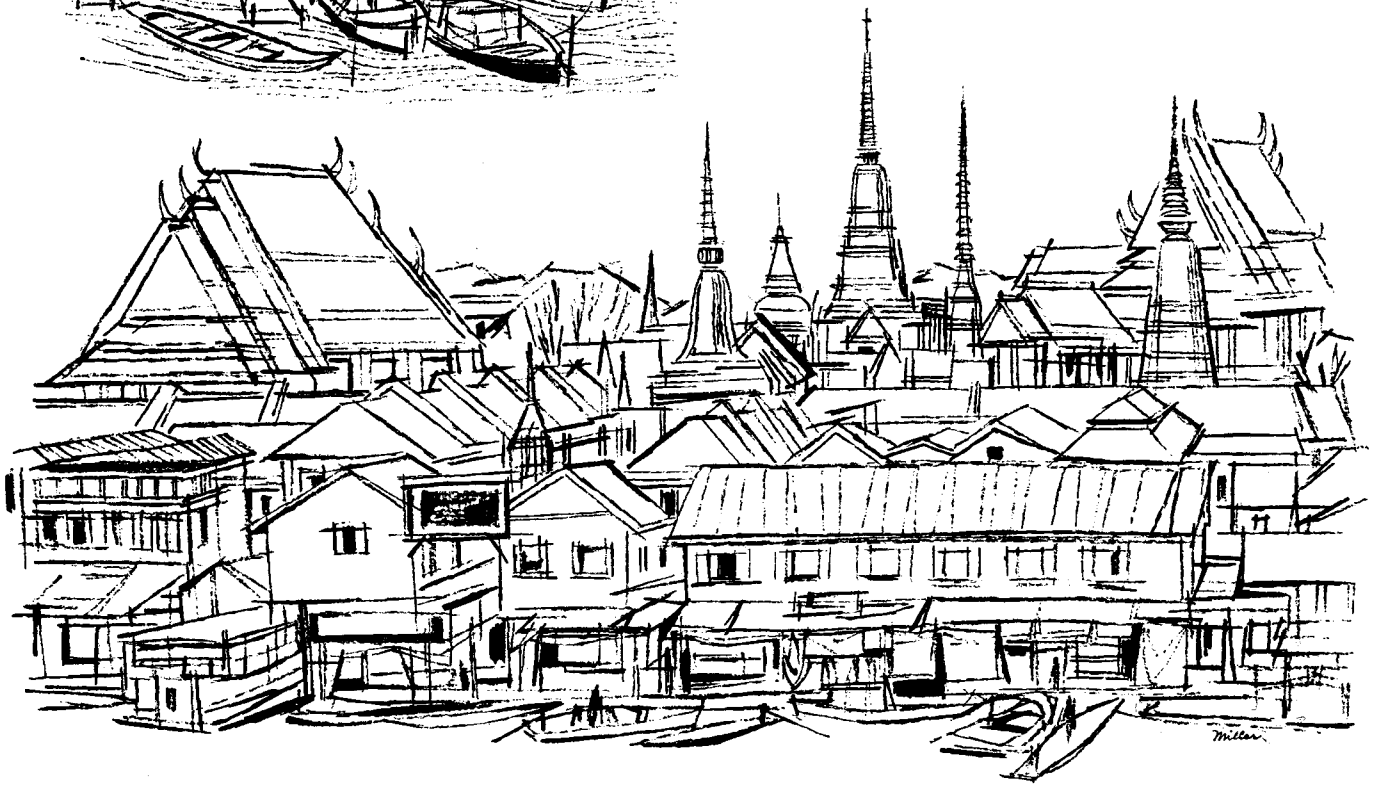
VIEWS OF THAILAND (see page 32)





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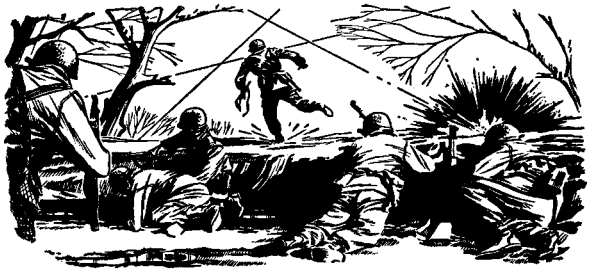
Captain Raymond Harvey Medal of Honor

THE 17TH INFANTRY REGIMENT was attacking Hill 1232 near Taemi-Doug, Korea. Able and Baker Companies became split by a Red-held ridge. Charlie Company, Captain Harvey commanding, was moving up to fill the gap when the dug-in Red guns pinned it down. Calling for covering fire, Captain Harvey advanced



alone through a hail of enemy bullets. One by one, he personally wiped out four emplacements of machine guns and automatic weapons. Then he caught a bullet through the lung. But he stayed on, refusing evacuation, until sure the objective had been won.

"In Korea," says Captain Harvey, "we stopped aggression by *united* strength. *You* were helping—every time you bought a Defense Bond. Because your Defense Bonds were doing more than just helping keep you, and your family, and your country financially stable. They were backing *us* up in the field with *American production power*, the surest support any fighting man can have!

"I hope you'll go on buying Bonds—many, many of them. For your Bonds—and our bayonets—are making America strong. And in today's cold-warring world, *peace is only for the strong.*"

★ ★ ★

Remember that when you're buying bonds for national defense, you're also building a personal reserve of cash savings. Remember, too, that if you don't save *regularly*, you generally don't save at all. Money you take home usually is money spent. So sign up today in the Payroll Savings Plan where you work, or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. For your country's security, and your own, buy U.S. Defense Bonds now!

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